SWIMMING: June Walker at the World Championships in Madrid

Moorhouse stripped of his gold

A MYSTIFIED Adrian Moorhouse was stripped of a gold medal at the world championships in Madrid on Sunday as he was disqualified after winning the 100 metres breaststroke final.

The Bradford swimmer, European and Commonwealth Games gold medalist, beat his arch-rival Victor Davis of Canada home — and then learned minutes later that he had been "struck off" because of a faulty turn. The official announcement said: "Adrian Moorhouse has been disqualified for a butterfly kick on the turn".

Moorhouse, 22, who had set a European record of 1min 2.28sec in the morning heats went even better in the final with 1:02.01, which would have been a world championship record.

Later, Moorhouse said he had never been disqualified in the breaststroke before. "I did my normal turn . . . I did the same this morning. Why didn't they disqualify me then?" he asked.

"I feel as though I'm the world champion. It wasn't even a close race." Davis was awarded the gold as Moorhouse, British team captain, said his country's officials were appealing against the decision. But as the medals ceremony went on, he said: "They seem set in their ways. There's no consolation."

Moorhouse pulled away superbly down the return length and contained the desperate challenge of Davis, who accelerated his stroke but still finished 0.7 of a second down on the Briton.

But silver turned to gold for the 22-year-old Canadian physical education student as Minervini moved up to second and Volkov, the European 200 metres gold medalist, slipped in for the bronze. The Soviet swimmer said afterwards: "I'm very disappointed for Adrian."

In the championship's first ever women's 4x200 metres freestyle relay, the East Germans set a world record as they became the first to go under eight minutes when they clocked 7:59.33.

The much-awaited confrontation between Michael Gross of West Germany and the young American Matt Biondi in the 200 metres freestyle final ended in victory for Gross with Biondi pushed into third place by East Germany's Sven Lodziewski. Gross's time of 1:47.92 was less than half a second outside his own world record.

OBITUARY

Ryan Price

THE noted National Hunt trainer Ryan Price died on Sunday, aged 74. He was leading National Hunt trainer on five occasions, winning the Grand National, Cheltenham Gold Cup, Champion Hurdle (three times) and the Schweppes Gold Trophy (four times). He was just as successful when going over to training on the flat, his two biggest successes being in the Oaks and St Leger.

His father, George Price, had been a celebrated trainer of hunters and show horses before the war. Under his father's tuition Ryan Price became an expert and quite fearless point-to-point rider. In the Commandos he was equally fearless, achieving distinction in the Normandy campaign, winning the Military Cross.

SOCCER: FA Charity Shield — Everton 1, Liverpool 1

Late Rush foils Everton

AFTER the punishment meted out to Dutch property on land and sea recently, it was a relief to find that the only damage done along Wembley Way on Saturday was to discarded cans of lager, kicked and trodden on at will. To this metallic ring, England's top-rank heavyweights clanked back into action in the Charity Shield.

On this day of good intentions, good behaviour — like charity — had to be seen to start at home. Merseyside, transported to London again, duly obliged, responding warmly to an occasion and result that satisfied the partisan bulk of the 88,000 crowd. We even saw a passable Mexican Wave.

Events on the pitch probably pleased Everton more. Stripped of six first-team regulars, Howard Kendall's unfamiliar looking side gave the team who narrowly outran them for the Double a firm reminder of the squad strength being built on the other side of Stanley Park. Few neutrals, on this evidence, would argue, Lineker or no Lineker, with Everton's insertion as the bookmakers' second favourites for the Championship.

But Everton are still hounded by the lean frame of Rush, their Wembley executioner in May. This time one lethal stab in the 87th minute deprived them of success. How Kendall must wish the Italian authorities had allowed Liverpool to take the lira and let Rush run all the way to Turin.

But it was Everton who raised the tempo further by scoring first. The goal stemmed from suitably quick thinking by the alert Heath, at last freed from the bench. As Hansen and Lawrenson watched Sharp, Heath took the ball off his striking partner, ran round the surprised defenders, and delivered a clinical low shot past the right hand of Liverpool's substitute goalkeeper, Hooper.

Hooper, the first replacement for Grobbelaar in five years, should have been beaten again when another newcomer, the former Wigan midfielder, Langley, took Heath's through ball and curled a shot outside the far post instead of passing to the infuriated Wilkinson, who had also broken yards clear of a defence caught badly square.

Justice was served by Rush's close-range equaliser, ensuring a joint lap of honour and a share of the shield. The referee, Neil Midgley, looked pleased with his contribution, although some would consider him lenient after a fourth-minute fracas in which Ratcliffe clattered into his fellow-countryman Rush, the striker retaliated, and Molby lunged at Everton's captain. A few words sufficed.

The only injury of note was sustained by Grobbelaar, who went off 10 minutes after the interval with a pulled stomach muscle. The goalkeeper was immediately ruled out of Liverpool's tour of the Republic of Ireland, and may miss the Double winners' first defence of the Championship at Newcastle. Hooper, a novice in League football but a 22-year-old well-versed in Shakespeare as a former university student, is set to maintain the Liverpool tradition of fielding interesting goalkeepers.

Everton: Mimms; Harper, Power, Ratcliffe, Marshall, Langley, Steven, Heath, Sharp, Richardson, Sheedy (Adams 51 min, Wilkinson 80).

Liverpool: Grobbelaar (Hooper, 57); Lawrenson, Beglin, Venison, Whelan, Hansen, McMahon, Johnston, Rush, Molby, MacDonald (Dalglish 61).

Referee: N. Midgley (Salford).

RUGBY UNION

NEW ZEALAND have recalled ten of the players who went on the rebel Cavaliers tour to South Africa for this week's Test against Australia. Their recall, after only a one-match suspension is certain to be condemned by the anti-apartheid lobby.

CRICKET: Matthew Engel

Botham and Lamb restored

IF all else fails, you can always try the obvious; and so on Sunday the England selectors announced that Ian Botham, unbanned just 17 days earlier, would be restored to the Test team against New Zealand at The Oval last Thursday.

This event is going to be wildly welcomed, and will inevitably be seen by some in romantic terms. Here is Charles II returning to Whitehall amid bells and bonfires, with Gatting in the role of General Monck. Hurrah for toleration and dancing round the Maypole.

"This is purely a one-off side," May said. "We have to beat New Zealand and put English cricket back on course for Australia. Obviously, there is a huge question mark about Botham's bowling but we felt we needed all the experience we could get."

Decoded, this appears to mean that there are still enough doubts about Botham's approach and pliability to make him very much less than a certainty to tour Australia, though if he were to succeed this week and then be left out, there would be a hooha on a scale unmatched since the D'Oliveira affair. Gooch's refusal to go to Australia this winter is a huge disappointment for England, expected though it was. Gooch's wife has recently had twins and he was unwilling to be away from them for the 4½ months tour.

But for the moment anyway, his devotees can toast the return of the all-rounder over the water. In the retinue are Lamb, back after three Tests, which in the context of his recent form was quite obviously two too many, Gooch, who rightly keeps his place despite his refusal to tour, Dilley, who missed Trent Bridge through injury, and Willey, who was 12th man there.

Thomas, Pringle and Moxon have all been dropped, and Athey will be Gooch's fifth opening partner in six Tests. Of the departees, Thomas is far more likely to make Australia than the other two. But throughout the summer, there has been a vague idea that Dilley and Thomas should be paired together before the winter, and the obvious place for this was the bouncy wicket at The Oval. So Thomas gets dropped.

Having muddled along with five specialist batsmen all summer, England's idea appears to be the omission of a mainstream spinner with Willey at No. 7. I think Willey is an exceptionally good cricketer and a must for Australia, but the logic of playing an extra batsman instead of Thomas at this desperate stage rather escapes me.

Botham is in any case unlikely to get the new ball with Dilley and Small in the side. But if the selectors are so worried about his bowling, it seems odd to bring him back to the path of what, if either Emburey or Edmonds is 12th man, will be a four-man attack with two bit players in Willey and Gooch.

I am convinced the best way to get Botham firing is to limit his attacking role so he is left to stow at slip until about mid-afternoon. By that time he should be just furious enough to get the two wickets he needs to beat Lillee's record in his first over. But it seems a bit much to expect any kind of subtlety at the moment.

Kiwis add to English humiliation

ENGLAND suffered yet another cricketing disaster at Trent Bridge last week when they lost the second test against New Zealand by eight wickets.

Their last chance to recapture some honour and save the series is at The Oval.

This was England's eighth defeat in 10 games this year and the second in four since Mike Gatting was given the captaincy.

New Zealand, who failed to beat England in the first 48 years of cricket between the countries, have now won four times since 1978, which was when Richard Hadlee first emerged as a top-class player.

Hadlee, who has played a significant role in all four wins, was Man of the Match on his adopted home ground after taking 10 for 140 in two innings.

The one piece of encouragement for England — apart from a determined 75 from John Emburey as the batting collapsed again.

• Clive Lloyd led Lancashire to the final of the NatWest Trophy when they beat Surrey by four runs at The Oval.

Lloyd was his side's top scorer with 65 out of 229 all out but he was upstaged with the bat by Trevor Jesty who held the Surrey innings together with a brilliant 112.

He looked to have won the game but with Surrey needing five to win and their last man in, Jesty, who won the man of the match award, was caught on the boundary by Fowler.

• In the other Natwest semi-final Sussex easily beat Worcestershire by five wickets in a disappointing game ruined by prolonged rain. Worcestershire, despite home advantage, collapsed to 125 all out, Imran Khan being the leading Sussex bowler with three wickets for 26 on a drying pitch. The wicket was kinder to Sussex the next day and they passed Worcestershire's total fairly comfortably, Alikhan scoring 41 and Colin Wells 45.

The Sussex captain, Ian Gould, has made an official complaint about the abuse of several of his players, including Imran, by a section of the crowd.

The Worcestershire secretary, Mike Vockins, said: "I have apologised on behalf of the club to both Imran and Alikhan. As far as I am concerned those involved are not Worcestershire supporters, and they are not cricket supporters. They are mindless idiots."

John Player League Table

	P	W	L	NR	T	Pts
Essex (1)	13	9	3	1	0	38
Northamptonshire (5)	13	8	3	2	0	36
Hampshire (3)	12	8	3	1	0	34
Nottinghamshire (12)	13	8	4	1	0	34
Kent (10)	13	6	4	2	1	30
Yorkshire (6)	12	7	4	1	0	30
Somerset (10)	13	6	5	2	0	28
Sussex (2)	13	7	6	0	0	28
Glamorgan (14)	13	6	6	1	0	26
Warwickshire (6)	13	5	5	2	1	26
Derbyshire (4)	12	6	6	0	0	24
Middlesex (12)	13	3	6	3	1	20
Lancashire (14)	12	4	7	1	0	18
Leicestershire (8)	14	4	9	1	0	18
Surrey (17)	12	3	6	2	1	18
Worcestershire (16)	13	4	9	0	0	16
Gloucestershire (6)	14	2	10	2	0	12

1985 positions in brackets.

MOTOR RACING: Maurice Hamilton at the Austrian Grand Prix

Prost closes the gap on Mansell

ALAIN PROST kept going long enough to win the Austrian Grand Prix in sizzling heat on Sunday and move to second place in the drivers' points table, only two behind Britain's Nigel Mansell.

The McLaren driver survived as the three others in the running for the championship retired. He moved up from fourth place, in the table after Mansell, lying second in the race at the Osterreichring, suffered a snapped drive shaft on his Williams-Honda on the 32nd lap. By then Mansell's teammate, Nelson Piquet, had stopped with engine failure, and Ayrton Senna had dropped out with a severe misfire on his Lotus-Renault.

Prost started the race at a cautious pace, concerned about fuel consumption and tyre wear, and did not take the lead until after half-distance when the Benetton-BMWs of Gerhard Berger and Teo Fabi, which had controlled the early laps, ran into trouble.

Mansell, who had led Prost until the pit stops for tyres, was 12 seconds behind the McLaren when he retired. "The car had been running perfectly," he said. "I had plenty in hand and felt I could come out on top in the end when fuel consumption came into play."

With Mansell's threat removed, Prost found himself half a minute ahead of his teammate, Keke Rosberg, but the Finn retired when his engine cut out due to an electrical problem. That left Prost one lap ahead of Michele Alboreto's Ferrari and his Ferrari teammate, Stefan Johansson, who lost valuable time when the nose cone flew off his car. Johansson enlivened an otherwise dull second half of the race by chasing and catching the Lola-Fords of Alan Jones and Patrick Tambay, but the former world champion and the Frenchman took fourth and fifth places, to give the team and the Ford-Cosworth turbo-engines their first championship points.

World Championship standings: 1, N. Mansell (GB), 55pts; 2, A. Prost, 53; 3, A. Senna (Braz), 48. 4, N. Piquet (Braz), 47. 5, K. Rosberg, 19; 6 equal, J. Laffite (Fr) and R. Arnoux, 14. Other British: 11, M. Brundle 5; 13, J. Dumfries 2.

GOLF

James's dance of delight

MARK JAMES made a 15ft birdie putt at the first extra hole to give him victory in a three-way play-off against Lee Trevino and Hugh Baiocchi for the Benson and Hedges International title at Fulford on Sunday.

The Yorkshire-based 32-year-old Ryder Cup golfer did a jig of delight when he beat the two internationals to win the £30,000 first prize. His delight was understandable, as on the final green he had hung his head in despair as he missed a three-foot putt that would have given him the title without a play-off.

Trevino, 46, the American Ryder Cup captain, and the South African Baiocchi, celebrating his 40th birthday got into the play-off with last-round scores of 68 against James's 70, all three finishing 14 under par on 274. The last play-off in this event, in 1978, also involved Trevino; on that occasion he won, beating Neil Coles and Noel Ratcliffe.

© Guardian Publications Ltd. 1986. Published by Guardian Publications Ltd., 164 Deansgate, Manchester, M60 2RR, for and on behalf of The Guardian and Manchester Evening News P.L.C., 164 Deansgate, Manchester M60 2RR. Typeset by News Photosetting Services Ltd., Skelmersdale, Lancs., and printed by LSG Web Offset, Lincoln. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and mailing offices. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office.

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY
The Washington Post · Le Monde
Vol. 135 No. 9 Week ending August 31, 1986

Washington threatens to bomb Libya again

THE UNITED STATES said early this week that it would bomb Libya again if Libyan terrorism continued. Mr Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, said the government would take "all appropriate action" to prevent a renewal of terrorist attacks. Other officials said the warning and this week's joint US-Egyptian military exercises in the Mediterranean were intended to send a shot across the bows of Colonel Gadafy. Intelligence reports have found Libya behind the mortar attacks on British families at the Akrotiri base in Cyprus earlier this month, which caused injuries but no deaths. Libya is also said to have planned another bomb attack in Berlin, which was thwarted, and further attacks on US diplomats in Europe. The American ambassador to the United Nations, Mr Vernon Walters, is to visit Europe to lobby support for further action against Libya.

Attempt to destabilise Gadafy

By Michael White in Washington

THE United States and Egypt began joint military exercises at the weekend on the edge of Libya's self-proclaimed "line of death" with what looked suspiciously like the undeclared intention of further destabilising the Gadafy regime.

In what was reported to be air and naval manoeuvres involving the forces of a US carrier group and the F-16 fighter-bombers of a previously reluctant Egyptian Government, Operation Sea Wind was projected by American officials as a routine affair which had been planned for months.

Although it was taking place in what the Pentagon called "international waters and Egyptian air space," it was also close to the area where clashes between the US Sixth Fleet and Libyan forces culminated in the bombing of Tripoli last April.

Unattributed US suggestions that American fighters would not seek confrontation or cross the "line of death" proclaimed by Colonel Gadafy sounded less combative than the noises that preceded the American "freedom of navigation" exercise last March. That led to the Libyan Sam-5 missile attack, US retaliation against Libyan missile sites and patrol boats, and — after the Berlin disco bombing — to the US air raids on Tripoli and Benghazi.

There are indications that the Pentagon has contingency plans to preempt fresh Libyan attacks on US targets, if necessary by what is being called "rubble-izing" Colonel Gadafy's oil refineries. More peaceful efforts to tighten the economic campaign with European help may be imminent as the CIA reports assert the vulnerability to a domestic coup of America's favourite bogeyman.

The administration is also presented as hopeful that France may even cooperate against him in exerting pressure through Chad, where Colonel Gadafy has long supported a local insurgency, in what seems to be a round of psychological rather than direct warfare. "We will employ all appropriate measures to stop Libyan-sponsored terrorism," was the State Department's comment.

Washington and Cairo were united in stressing the routine and training nature of the air and sea manoeuvres, which involved at least one Sixth Fleet carrier group around the USS Forrestal, and were conceded only reluctantly by Egypt, which seeks to maintain its delicate balancing act within the Arab world and even to restore better relations with the Soviet Union. US officials denied that a second carrier group, the USS Kennedy, was taking part, though it is in the general area.

In the past year, President Hosni Mubarak has three times rejected US requests for such exercises, which could yet rebound against his shaky but Western-orientated regime. With fresh reports of Egypt's deepening economic plight, there have been suggestions that during top-level talks in Washington in June, US officials proposed to cancel Egypt's military debt in return for receiving use of the former Israeli bases in Sinai. According to the congressional General Accounting Office last summer, Egypt owes the US $5.6 billion which with interest totals $14.3 billion.

Accidentally destabilising the Egyptian Government would be a particularly ironic outcome. Given the declared ambition of the US Aministration to foment the removal of Colonel Gadafy, the man it sees as a prime mover behind international terrorist attacks, the exercise is widely assumed to be intended to destabilise Tripoli. The Administration believes that the Libyan military is restless and the US seems prepared to squeeze financially-strapped Egypt into cooperation even as the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr Vladimir Petrovsky, visits Cairo.

Volcanic gas kills villagers

By Andrew Moncur

A GAS bubble disaster has killed up to 1,500 people, believed to have been overwhelmed and "drowned" by carbon dioxide released from a volcanic crater lake in Cameroon. The gas rolled over a six square-mile area around Lake Nios, northwest Cameroon, catching villagers unaware and giving them no chance to escape.

The disaster is the second of its kind to strike the West African republic in almost exactly two years. The first, which claimed 35 lives in August, 1984, happened in a remote area and was regarded by experts as a baffling "quirk of nature" which caused little alarm. "One-off is nothing. But two in two years becomes vastly more frightening," a British scientist who has studied the volcanic region of Cameroon said.

President Paul Biya, of Cameroon, said that at least 1,200 people had died and that another 300 were receiving medical treatment after the gas escape, which came at night while villagers were asleep. Travellers from the area gave higher estimates of the toll.

Rescue teams were trekking into the area carrying oxygen cylinders by back pack to replenish exhausted supplies. A doctor in the capital, Yaounde, said that the victims were suffering burning pains in the eyes and nose, coughing, and signs of asphyxiation similar to strangulation. It was like being gassed by a kitchen stove, he said. "The ideal treatment is to give victims pure oxygen, but we don't have any up there."

Casualties appeared to have been affected by a mixture of gases, including hydrogen and sulphur. Hydrogen sulphide is commonly released in volcanic areas but vulcanologists agreed that it was unlikely to be responsible for the mass deaths. It has a strong rotten eggs smell which would warn of its release, and it is also lighter than air and would disperse rapidly. British experts believe that a carbon dioxide release is a more likely cause.

Dr Godfrey Fitton, a lecturer in geology at Edinburgh University, has first-hand knowledge of the volcanic area which lies along the Cameroon-Nigeria border, where Mount Cameroon (4,070 metres), the highest peak in West Africa, has had four lava outbursts this century.

He believes that one possible explanation for the gas escape may be heavy rainfall — the rainy season covers August — disturbing the waters of the lake, where the gas has been trapped, and triggering its release.

The gas comes from vertical pipes, filled with rubble, which have been fed from an extinct volcano. The gas could either be trapped by sediment in the lake bottom or held in the water in the depths of the lake.

"These lakes are very deep and the bottom waters become saturated with carbon dioxide, forming a sort of soda water at the bottom. You get a dramatic overturn and this bottom water comes up to the top. Heavy rainfall could be the thing which triggers it. This is pure speculation."

Hard Labor for Aussies, bleak prospects for Hawke

MOST Australians would probably not give much for Mr Bob Hawke's chances of recovering lost popularity after the swingeing budget, announced by the Federal Treasurer last week, which is rather tougher than the most pessimistic commentators had forecast. Frequently described recently as enjoying a champagne lifestyle on a beer income, Australia has quickly built up one of the heaviest per-capita foreign debts in the world as the market prices of its principal, mainly mineral, exports and with them the Australian dollar plunged. The chief aim of the measures is to cut the budget deficit, which can apparently be done in present circumstances only by making severe inroads on the social wage so dear to the ruling Labor Party and so unaffordably dear for the nation.

If there was an element of paranoia in Mr Keating's speech — "the world having slashed our national income" — recent events make it understandable. In addition to the free-market forces which have brought a large trade deficit there are also the decidedly unhelpful actions of the United States in dumping subsidised grain and sugar surpluses on some of Australia's principal agricultural customers like the Soviet Union and China. Having declared that this blow would not be allowed to affect the principle of Canberra's commitment to the ANZUS alliance, from which New Zealand has already been suspended because of its anti-nuclear policy, the Australians pulled out of a military exercise with the Americans on the eve of the budget for financial reasons. But the Foreign Minister warned in the same breath that Australia might also be unable to afford defence purchases from the US because of the loss of income to American dumping. Another principle thrown overboard in the interests of the economy was Mr Keating's announcement of a resumption of uranium sales to France, banned in 1983 in protest against French nuclear tests in the Pacific, to save £30 million a year.

But the stringent austerity package as a whole lives up to the budget's advance billing as the harshest in decades, to match economic problems which Mr Hawke described as his country's greatest crisis since the war. It has a socialist government doing things which Thatcherism has never ventured, like deferring pension increases, abolishing student grants, and introducing identity cards to counter tax and social security fraud. The cuts in health, education, and welfare spending and also foreign aid, the restraint of wage rises to barely half the current rate of inflation, the delay in promised income tax cuts, the higher taxes on cars, fuel, wine and luxury goods could, however, have been lifted from a long series of British budgets over the years.

What makes the Australian budget remarkable is that all these measures are to be imposed simultaneously. The Government aims to reduce the deficit by 40 per cent in one year to the equivalent of £1,600 million, and to restrict the growth of government spending to zero in real terms. At the same time Mr Keating, who wants more investment, and less consumption, expects annual economic growth to fall from 4 to 2·5 per cent while inflation continues at the current 8 per cent. All this will antagonise Labor's left wing, the trade unions, with which Mr Hawke used to get on so well, and the party's better-off supporters alike. The Government said it would risk electoral defeat to tackle the crisis and cannot be accused of breaking its word. It took considerable political courage to make a frontal assault on the national standard of living when Labor had already lost so much in support in the country. Now there can be little of the party's electorate left to alienate. If Mr Hawke brings off his great gamble he deserves full credit, but he has only until the end of next year, by which time the next election is due, to produce an economic miracle, and that looks to be out of reach.

Report, page 6

South Africa in black and white

When the mass murder of Jews became known in 1945 it was noted that many of the perpetrators were educated people. Racism, it was realised, was not just an aberration affecting a few young louts; it had the power to undermine completely the elaborate structure of laws and practices introduced during the previous 100 years.

South Africa is now the only country which incorporates racism into its laws. Other countries have other faults, but South Africa's is unique in its potential to destroy the moral foundation of civilisation itself.

Philip Natal,
Liskeard Lodge,
Tupwood Lane,
Caterham.

It was high time the Guardian was reminded of its liberal heritage on South Africa (Letters, June 29), and now at last Joy Richardson's letter, and Lawrence Cockroft's "Clearing the air of cant about black rule" (July 20) are a welcome brath of fresh air after your interminable moralising. It was deplorable that Helen Suzman's magisterial rebuke to Mr Frazer and the EPG had to appear in The Times (July 2), and not in the paper which tradition suggests, is its true home.

Cockroft's scenario overlooks some basic geographic and demographic facts. The white population of South Africa is larger than the population of more than a dozen African states, and within the country the ratio of white to black is 1 to 5, not 1 to 20 as in Algeria, or 1 to 30 as it was in Rhodesia. South Africa is much better able to withstand protracted guerrilla war, in which it has substantial experience. Afrikaners have been on the continent as long as European settlers have lived in North America, where it is less than a hundred years since the view was that "the only good Injun is a dead 'un."

The Afrikaners cannot be defeated however massive the communist support to black nationalists, and the most likely outcome of a protracted military conflict is partition, with a rabidly Afrikaner state sharing power with nobody in the old Boer homelands.

As Joy Richardson suggests, why shouldn't a deal with the Russians be attractive to both parties? The Russians would gain a prize, not another bottomless African sink, without spending a kopeck; Communists and fascists are as alike as peas in a pod, and the Russians are the most confirmed racists in the continent, practising a total segregation wherever they have established themselves.

The West would do well to follow Helen Suzman's advice, and allow Africans of all kinds to work out their own future in their own way.

Donald W. Fryer,
Department of Geography,
University of Hawaii
at Manoa,
Honolulu.

Ian Aitken's reference to Papua New Guinea: "We should not decide upon them (sanctions on South Africa) to please Papua New Guinea or even the Queen" (July 27) is rather unfortunate.

The Queen has no relevance whatsoever to the day to day running of Papua New Guinea, and yet somehow she is much liked. Maybe this is because the modern generation has no recollection of being repressed by a monarchy since it is a redundant institution. However, there is much understanding of the concept of repression by rapacious international capitalism.

When Papua New Guinea pulled out of the Commonwealth Games it sacrificed a great deal. Papua New Guinea has no ties with the South African economy (come and check the gold deposits!), but experience of a colonial past and the arrogance of a few ex-Southern African whites who have tested the warm waters of the South Pacific in order to re-enact their segregated lifestyle has made Papua New Guinea very justified indeed to pressurise Britain into taking *real* action against apartheid.

There will be ironic jeers from the black Commonwealth when the huge influx of white wantoks (relatives) from South Africa block the ports of entry into UK.

Julian Davis,
PO Box 1216,
Lae,
Papua New Guinea.

THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

August 31, 1986 Vol. 135 No. 9

Letters to the Editor and other editorial correspondence to: The Guardian Weekly, PO Box 19, Cheadle, Cheshire, SK8 1DD, England.

Subscription enquiries to the Circulation Manager, The Guardian Weekly, 164 Deansgate, Manchester, M60 2RR, England.

Advertisement enquiries to the Advertisement Manager, The Guardian Weekly, 119 Farringdon Road, London, England.

Taxing the expats' patience

John L. Shaw asks (Letters, August 17) why expatriates should be allowed to vote at all since they do not contribute to Britain.

But in fact, many do. Not all are on higher pay avoiding tax as he claims unfairly.

Any expatriate who, for example, receives a public service pension of any kind will continue to pay UK tax at source and in addition pay tax in the country of residence. In some cases a complicated procedure may allow, after long delays, a measure of partial relief from this double taxation.

HM Government, however, makes it clear that an expatriate, even though he pays UK tax, can receive no benefits whatsoever. Thus thousands of expatriates, perhaps hundreds of thousands, throughout the world are denied fundamental justice.

As Mr Shaw sleeps comfortably under his Thatcher defence umbrella or next enjoys the benefits of the Welfare State and its medical care, perhaps he will be grateful for my continuing contribution to his security and well-being.

Initially the House of Commons Select Committee recommended that an expatriate paying UK tax should enjoy a franchise for life, as they do in some other democracies, but the major political parties, anxious to manoeuvre votes, to their shame forgot that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

Laurence Adkins,
St Peter Port,
Guernsey.

The publication of a bad letter in a newspaper affects the newspaper, quite as much as the author of the letter.

I guess John L. Shaw must have burnt quite a few holes in newspapers in his time. Now he imputes just a single motive to all present expatriates, that they want to get sickeningly rich. And the insult in his letter is intended. It is quite obvious he has never heard of record unemployment figures forcing construction workers, doctors and nurses and teachers abroad. That some of these Britons may want to vote may seem surprising, but that is their right.

Mr Shaw's logic is capable of malicious extension. Because it follows that those who don't pay tax in this country through being unemployed and in receipt of unemployment benefit shouldn't have the vote either. Also at risk by his argument are all the Irish citizens who have the vote because they live here: in some constituencies their vote is a key influence. Mr Shaw's wish to disenfranchise the rich, but not the poor, is a non-starter.

Leon Drucker,
Dicey Avenue,
London, NW2.

Although it is true that expatriates do not pay taxes in Britain and are thus not entitled to vote in Britain, it would then seem a logical conclusion that we should be allowed to vote in the country in which we pay tax. This is not the case and most expatriates find themselves suddenly disenfranchised!

It is a myth that the majority of expatriates work tax-free earning vast sums of money in sunny climes. No mention is ever made of those working on VSO schemes, those working in British subsidiaries or even those promoting British interests and culture abroad often at great personal sacrifice.

To brand all expatriates tax-fugitives is as naive as Mr Tebbit's believing most expatriates would vote Conservative given the chance! Distance lends objectivity and my fellow expatriates certainly read the political and economic situation in Britain better than many in mainland Britain who apparently suffer from "tunnel-vision".

It should not be forgotten that we — outside Britain — see and feel the effects of foreign and economic policies implemented by the present government and are, in many instances, better able to judge the wisdom of various policies.

That place of taxation remains the criterion for franchise is yet another of the mysteries of our times.

Kathleen Rettenberger,
Hoffeldstrasse,
Stuttgart,
West Germany.

Does John. L. Shaw imagine that all expatriate Brits are money-grubbing tax dodgers?

We came abroad to survive, my husband being thrown out of work at the age of 52. There are no company perks, European allowances or tax dodges attached to his job. Our children went to German schools and we did it without help from anybody.

Contributions are not just made with money Mr Shaw (though, unbelievably to Germans, my husband is taxed on his RAF pension). Our contributions, we think, are considerable. We further the cause of international and especially English/German friendship at grassroot level.

We have been disenfranchised for eleven years, having no European vote either! We shall be forced to retire to England in three years' time, why then shouldn't we have a say in who is to govern.

Had we the choice we would stay in Germany, if only to avoid the narrow minded, nationalistic and dare one say it "little Englander" traits obviously still flourishing in the UK.

E. M. Davey,
Hofheimerstr
Hofheim/Lorsbach,
West Germany.

Facts about the Warrior

I was the First Mate of the Rainbow Warrior and on board during the attack by French agents. The letter of Brian Thomas (August 10), in which he states that Fernando Pereira, the photographer of the Rainbow Warrior, was killed due to the negligence of the harbour authorities is a complete falsification of the facts.

The attack took place close to midnight without any warning whatsoever. The Rainbow Warrior sank within minutes and by the time harbour authorities arrived on the scene the ship was well and truly on the bottom.

If France wants to clean their hands they should stop testing nuclear weapons now.

Martin Gotjé,
Mate, Rainbow Warrior,
Greenpeace Marine Division,
Auckland,
New Zealand.

Court jest

I work in the local juvenile court. In order to bring youthful miscreants into line with current Government policy on truth, I intend at our next meeting of court staff and magistrates to propose an extension of the oath we currently administer.

It should now read: "I promise before Almighty God to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, while reserving the right to lie for procedural purposes." So help me, Gawd.

Stan Wallnets,
London, SW17.

Women in Mother Russia

If Mother Russia can't muster the efficiency to supply her daughters with tampons and sanitary napkins (Martin Walker, July 20), perhaps she could compromise and provide them with natural silk sponges.

Western women are rediscovering this ancient method, and finding it ecologically more responsible, cheaper, more comfortable, and probably healthier. (Tampons are not, incidentally, composed purely of cotton wool: even those not impregnated with industrial scented deodorant contain substances which may be hazardous).

Preeminently, though, this innovation could go far toward solving the eternal Soviet problem of supply and demand, because sponges are reusable. Three or four should see a woman handily through a year.

The commodious condoms issued to the stout lads of the Red Army are, so to speak, another kettle of fish. Still, things could be worse. Their unmarried counterparts in Eire can legally obtain nothing at all, unless they follow the suggestion I once spotted scrawled in an Irish women's loo: "Clingfilm — an Irish solution to an Irish problem."

Hilary Knight,
Guernsey Street,
Victoria, B.C.

Martin Walker, your Moscow correspondent, certainly assured continued subscriptions with his grand view as represented by his in-depth analysis of the scarcity of tampons in Moscow and his skilful expansion of it into a cause celebre for women's rights. After all, who can afford to pass up such vital information especially if you're in the futures market for cotton wool — the stuff they pull over people's eyes.

However, to be fair, he should have noted that America gets her investment capital to produce tampons by insisting on cash on the barrel-head from its citizens for any medical treatment they may need.

P. N. Purcell,
Armdale, Site 3,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

I refer to Martin Walker's article on the shortages of basic commodities in the Soviet Union. I believe that many shortages are created and controlled by the government in order to interest people in becoming active Communist Party members, as these members are given special shopping rights so that they may readily obtain many local and imported goods, (including those in short supply), which those less "well connected" may not.

Martin Walker states, "women . . . provide three quarters of the doctors and two-thirds of the teachers."

Shortages of tampons and sanitary towels is probably why these women, and others, come to the Party.

Annie Barrell,
Santo,
Vanuatu.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed but not all can be acknowledged. We don't like cutting them but sometimes this is necessary to get them in the page — short letters stand a better chance. Send them to The Guardian Weekly, PO Box 19, Cheadle, Cheshire, SK8 1DD England.

Hurricane rains off the holiday

By Edward Vulliamy

A TROPICAL hurricane, which picked up an icy polar wind and the name "Charlie" as it crossed the Atlantic, wrote off Britain's summer Bank Holiday in a wash of heavy rain on Monday. There were accidents and traffic jams as holidaymakers drove home on slippery roads.

Undeterred, crowds took to the streets of Notting Hill for a wet 21st carnival and Mods destroyed property and fought with police at the close of the annual scooter rally on the Isle of Wight, where there were 150 arrests.

Police estimated that the numbers converging on west London for the carnival at Notting Hill were much smaller than on the Monday of last year's festival — 100,000 turned out to revel in the rain, compared to nearly half a million in the sunshine of 1985.

Crime was also down, with 87 reported offences, compared to 112 on the same day last year. Police made 46 arrests, 21 of which were for alleged possession of drugs or attempting to buy drugs.

Some reggae sound systems had to pack up because of the risk of electrical faults, but many played on and music on the mobile floats continued as usual. Dancers splashed in the puddles, paint ran on the banners and the colourful, carefully prepared costumes of the children on the floats were soaked. Yet, as evening came, the streets were still throbbing with crowds and music.

The violence involving 200 Mods on the Isle of Wight came at the end of a scooter rally and concert attended by 8,000 at Newport. A marquee and catering vehicles were set alight and a fire engine, fire brigade Land-Rover and a police control caravan were stoned and pelted with bottles. The police had to flee the caravan.

The rain ruined sixteen years of planning in Birmingham when Britain's first Monaco-style city centre street race had to be abandoned at the half-way stage.

But Birmingham City Council is expected to stage more of the races despite an estimated £400,000 loss on the Super Prix that was cut short after 25 eventful laps for the Formula 3000 drivers.

"The weather has cost us hundreds of thousands of pounds," said Mr John Carlton, chairman of the road race sub-committee.

Luis Sala, aged 26, from Barcelona, who was in the lead when the race was later declared and who was later declared the winner, said his car has spun twice. "They should have stopped it earlier. The track was getting worse and worse every lap."

Hovercraft in Channel rescue

By Martin Wainwright

A HOVERCRAFT was left floundering in mid-Channel for four hours at the weekend after a fire in the main electrical system disabled its engines. The Hoverspeed craft Swift was shuttling 132 passengers from Calais to Dover when the fire broke out 10 miles from the British coast.

Crew members dealt with the flames and prevented them from affecting the passenger section. But an RAF helicopter was called out to take off an injured stewardess and winch down emergency engineers. It later returned to drop drugs for a pregnant passenger. The craft was eventually towed back to port.

Labour on course for conference collisions

THE WEEK IN BRITAIN by James Lewis

THOUGH Parliament does not resume for nearly two months, the political conference season begins next week with the Trades Union Congress, which the Labour movement sees as the start of its general election campaign. The main aim of the Brighton congress, and of the Labour Party's own conference in Blackpool later in September, will be to demonstrate that the party and the unions can work together in harmony to revive the economy, create jobs, and improve the lot of the less well-off.

Already, however, the two sides seem set for a collision over pay policy. The party leader, Mr Neil Kinnock, wants priority to be given to the establishment of a statutory minimum wage, the level of which would be set when Labour attains office. Unions representing the low-paid in the public sector, who have fallen sadly behind during the Thatcher years, are fully in agreement, but the big craft unions such as the engineers and electricians want to remain free to bargain for whatever they can get.

Another rift is threatened over nuclear power. The TUC's general council, which had previously supported a balanced energy policy, including nuclear power, now wants the entire nuclear programme to be halted "until a comprehensive energy policy review has been carried out." The change of stance, in the aftermath of the Chernobyl nuclear disaster, threatens the jobs of at least 100,000 trade unionists who are employed, directly or indirectly, by the nuclear industry. It could also prejudice the nuclear debate in the Labour Party, which has yet to arrive at a policy on the subject.

The party's own anti-nuclear lobby has grown considerably in strength since Chernobyl and there were demands this week that Mr Kinnock should find another job for his environment spokesman, Dr John Cunningham, because of his support for the civil nuclear industry. Dr Cunningham, whose Copeland constituency includes the Sellafield nuclear reprocessing plant, is one of the most able members of the shadow cabinet and has, so far, been strongly defended by Mr Kinnock against attack inside the party. An anti-nuclear vote by the TUC next week, however, would strengthen the political argument for moving him to a less sensitive post.

The plant at Sellafield itself was shut down for five days last week when British Nuclear Fuels Ltd discovered that a consignment of nuclear waste would breach new guidelines if it were discharged into the Irish Sea. It was the first shutdown at the plant for two years and is an indication of the increased sensitivity of the Government to the anti-nuclear lobby after Chernobyl. A BNFL spokesman said the waste was "only slightly more radioactive than normal" and would not have led to a shutdown under the old guidelines.

The man mainly responsible for trying to preserve the concordat between Labour and the unions is Mr Norman Willis, the TUC's general secretary, who came under attack last week from some union leaders who demanded his resignation because of what they called his "affable" style of leadership. The TUC has not scored many victories in the past seven years and Mr Willis, who is in his third year as general secretary, is doubtless being cast as the scapegoat. While affability is not a charge that could be levelled against many of his predecessors, Mr Willis has enough admirers to ensure his survival.

Villagers at three sites in Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire and Humberside, politely but firmly — and illegally — prevented engineers from carrying out tests to find a suitable burial ground for low-level radioactive waste. The engineers, employed by the Nuclear Industry Radioactive Waste Executive (Nirex), had run up against what the Commons environment committee has identified as the Nimby (Not-in-my-back-yard) Syndrome. If persuasion fails, Nirex will eventually have to go to the courts to gain access to the three sites.

A three-month controversy was temporarily laid to rest when Mr John Stalker, deputy chief constable of Greater Manchester, was allowed to return to work after an investigation into alleged disciplinary offences. A 1,500-page report compiled by the chief constable of West Yorkshire, Mr Colin Sampson, failed to uncover any evidence of serious misconduct but pointed to trivial complaints about misuse of police cars and to Mr Stalker's "unwise" friendship with a local business man, Mr Kevin Taylor, who has never faced any criminal charges in spite of exhaustive police inquiries into his activities.

Though Mr Sampson thought these matters merited investigation by a disciplinary tribunal, Mr Stalker's local police committee threw out his report and reinstated its deputy chief constable. But the controversy will not rest there.

Who, it will continue to be asked, first pointed the finger at the deputy chief constable of the second biggest force in the country? Who decided that such trivial allegations called for his suspension from duty? And why?

Until he was ordered to stay at home, Mr Stalker was heading an important investigation into allegations that the Royal Ulster Constabulary was operating a "shoot-to-kill" policy against the IRA. The inquiry, which was thought to have found enough evidence to uphold the allegations, has since been taken over by Mr Sampson, whose team may well reach a different — and politically less embarrassing — conclusion.

Mr Sampson's lengthy report on Mr Stalker denied that the accusations against the deputy chief constable emanated from Northern Ireland or from the security services. But, since the report will never be made public, suspicion will remain that Mr Stalker was "set up" in order to get him off the Ulster inquiry.

Terrorism and intimidation in Northern Ireland caused a strike by more than 2,000 staff in social security and housing offices. The stoppage was, however, seen as the first act of solidarity across the sectarian divide since the Loyalists began their campaign against the Anglo-Irish Agreement, and was thus applauded by unions and by the Government.

The walkout began when Catholic office workers received death threats from the outlawed Ulster Freedom Fighters, and Protestant workers were similarly threatened by nationalists in a Catholic area of Lisburn. The strike rapidly spread around the province, but each side refused to return to work until the threat to the other had been lifted.

Dr Rhodes Boyson, industry minister at the Northern Ireland Office, said that while he did not approve of strikes, he supported the fact that Protestant and Roman Catholic workers had come together. "Unless both sides realise that any clash between them puts both communities at risk, then the future of this province is very black indeed," he said.

Short Brothers, the aircraft manufacturing company, struck its own blow against sectarianism when it ordered all Loyalist flags, bunting and political posters to be removed from its Belfast factory. Responding to a campaign of intimidation against Catholic workers, the company chairman, Sir Philip Foreman, said that everyone's job was at risk if the factory was allowed to become a campaigning ground or if any workers were allowed to be intimidated for their religious or political beliefs.

A video shop in London which was destroyed by an explosion killing one man and injuring 12 was an important centre for dissidents opposed to the government of Ayatollah Khomeini. Scotland Yard believes the explosion in the basement of the Kensington Video Club, Kensington High Street, was caused by a bomb.

Keays dashes Parkinson comeback hopes

By James Naughtie

THE hopes of Mr Cecil Parkinson for a return to the Cabinet were dealt another blow last week by the publication of an interview with his former lover, Miss Sara Keays.

By recalling the affair which led to his resignation in 1983, and reminding the public of her bitterness against the Conservative establishment, Miss Keays strengthened the hand of those who have advised Mrs Thatcher that the political cost of rehabilitating Mr Parkinson would be unacceptably high.

In an interview in Good Housekeeping, Miss Keays said: "What I really can't forgive is the hypocrisy, the lying and the arrogance of the other people who interfere — Conservative politicians who were prepared to destroy me to protect themselves."

Her comments express sympathy and some forgiveness for Mr Parkinson, but by recalling the promises of marriage she says were made to her, Mr Parkinson's hopes of becoming Foreign Secretary, and her father's "scandalised" reaction to her lover's refusal to tell the Prime Minister of the affair, she makes it difficult for Mrs Thatcher to consider seriously recalling Mr Parkinson.

The usual pre-reshuffle speculation has mentioned a possible post for Mr Parkinson, either in the Cabinet or at Downing Street, and although most senior Government figures have been highly sceptical, Mrs Thatcher is known still to place great trust in the judgment of the man who was party chairman for her landslide election victory in 1983 and later her Trade and Industry Secretary.

He is still a close adviser, and a regular visitor to Downing Street.

Miss Keays, interviewed by the psychiatrist Dr Anthony Clare, says she can forgive Mr Parkinson, but refers to others involved in the matter — who are unnamed — as guilty of "calculated cruelty and malice".

The implication that the background to Mr Parkinson's resignation as a result of her pregnancy in October, 1983, and the bearing of his child would be the subject of public discussion once again is a sombre political warning to the Prime Minister.

It will add strength to the argument of those, like Viscount Whitelaw, the Leader of the Lords, and Mr John Wakeham, the Chief Whip, who have argued that the Government would be damaged by Mr Parkinson's return.

A spokesman for Good Housekeeping magazine said that it was a coincidence that the article appeared in the September issue.

Liberals to clean up tactics

By Peter Hetherington

THE Liberal Party will be urged to clean up aspects of its campaigning style in a draft report on publicity tactics which will be presented to a byelection unit next month.

The report warns that the political process will be undermined in the electorate's eyes unless there is a reappraisal by the Liberals, as well as the Conservative and Labour parties, particularly at byelections.

But the draft, from the Leeds West MP, Mr Michael Meadowcroft, chairman of the 10-member unit, says that the Liberals have been unfairly singled out for so-called dirty campaigning.

The report follows the intervention of Mr David Steel, the Liberal leader, in the closing stages of last month's Newcastle-under-Lyme byelection after criticism of Liberal tactics by opponents.

The new MP, Mrs Llin Golding, who narrowly retained the seat for Labour with a 799 majority, claims she was the victim of a smear campaign in several Liberal leaflets. One listed the joint income of Mr John Golding, the former MP and now general secretary of the National Communications Union, and Mrs Golding.

Militant on the wane

By James Naughtie

EFFORTS by Militant activists and their supporters to mount a fight back against expulsions at next month's Labour Party conference, appear to have failed.

Only four constituency parties have submitted versions of the conference resolution circulated among activists opposing the "witchhunt" against Militant. The national executive committee has expelled eight Militant activists.

The lack of support for the campaign against the NEC is good news for the party leadership, which can expect overwhelming support in Blackpool when the executive report on the disciplinary proceedings is discussed.

There was never any danger of defeat, but a substantial backlash from constituencies who have shown some sympathy with Militant in the past would have been embarrassing.

It is likely that some of those expelled will seek permission to address the conference, and Mr Neil Kinnock, the party leader, appears happy to support such moves. Such is the support across the party for the NEC's disciplinary measures, that some of those around him are positively relishing the opportunity for a crushing conference vote against the rebels.

Tebbit muzzles student right

By James Naughtie

THE Conservative Party hierarchy has taken up arms against elements in the Federation of Conservative Students after prolonged confusion over the Lord Stockton affair which left the party deeply embarrassed.

Mr Harry Phibbs, who last week published a controversial article accusing Lord Stockton of "war crimes" in the Tory student magazine, New Agenda, resigned as its editor, apologised to Mr Norman Tebbit, the party chairman, for the embarrassment caused and admitted that he had not followed the guidelines covering party publications.

In return, Mr Tebbit agreed to drop his legal suit against Mr Phibbs, which claimed libel and damages for breach of contract and misrepresentation.

Mr Tebbit, who is on holiday abroad, took the action to stem the tide of embarrassment which flowed from an article accusing Lord Stockton, the former Tory Prime Minister, of "war crimes".

The magazine carries the logo of the Conservative Party and the address of Conservative Central Office. Mr Tebbit was concerned over the impression created that the attack on Lord Stockton, formerly Mr Harold Macmillan, had been carried out with the approval of party officials.

Mr Tebbit is known to be furious at the affair, not least because his difficulties with FCS in the past have been over his alleged refusal to take tough action against them.

Dominated by the hard right, the student group has been a source of considerable torment to Central Office, though some senior party figures — including Mr Tebbit at times — have argued that it should be ignored rather than attacked. These events appear to pitch the chairman into open conflict with the students who have been among his strongest supporters in the past.

The article in New Agenda rehearsed the account by the historian, Count Nikolai Tolstoy, of the return of 40,000 Cossack prisoners to the Soviet Union at the end of the second world war when Mr Macmillan, as he then was, was a senior British minister in Italy.

Such attacks on the party establishment by the FCS are commonplace and normally pass unremarked. But the party decided to act when it became clear that the affair was inciting widespread interest.

In his statement, Mr Phibbs said he recognised it was wrong to have included the offending interview, with Count Nikolai Tolstoy, in the magazine without the party's permission.

The affair, however, is not yet over. The FCS intends to use the Tory conference at Bournemouth in October to keep up its campaign.

A further dimension of the embarrassment caused to the party emerged in the form of an invitation to Count Tolstoy to talk to next month's Young Conservative conference about his book.

Mr Phibbs also said he now intended to produce a new magazine "entirely independent of the Conservative Party."

Shah gives up control of Today

By Patrick Wintour

MR EDDIE SHAH, the pioneer of the Fleet Street revolution, last week handed over financial control of his daily newspaper, Today, to Lonrho, publishers of The Observer.

Mr Shah will remain chairman of News UK, which publishes the ailing paper. His move comes after his local newspaper company, the Warrington Messenger Group, made a successful £5.3 million bid for the Warrington Guardian Group, a chain of 14 free and paid for newspapers.

Buying the Warrington Guardian Group meant that he had to abandon his 51 per cent stake in Today in order to avoid a reference to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

His spokesman said that Mr Shah's commitment to Today remained unaffected by the deal, even though his shareholding would drop below 25 per cent to avoid a reference.

Internal sources at Today said that Mr Shah's stake would be as low as 10 per cent. Lonrho refused to confirm publicly that it had taken control of Today. Its previous stake had been 36 per cent.

Mr Shah had lost formal executive control of Today last month after the appointment of Mr Terry Cassidy from Lonrho as managing director.

Mr Cassidy has been scathing about the lack of managerial structures at the paper, although he has said the editor, Mr Brian MacArthur, is ideal.

Lonrho saved the paper from closure in June by putting up £18 million while two other original shareholders British and Commonwealth and Ivory and Sime each invested another £3 million.

The paper is believed to be still selling about 400,000 a day; well below the figure needed to break even. Senior editorial staff have been resigning from the paper at an alarming rate, although Mr MacArthur, who recently returned from holiday, has been making strenuous efforts to persuade them to stay. Plans are also afoot for a promotional relaunch in the autumn.

Mr Shah feared that if rival bidder Northern Counties Newspapers, owned by the Reed Group, won control of the Warrington Guardian series his own group would have been squeezed in South Manchester between Reeds and the Lancashire and Cheshire County Newspapers, which is owned by The Guardian and the Manchester Evening News.

Ironically, among the staff of Mr Shah's Warrington Guardian Group will be members of the National Graphical Association who were sacked by him in 1983 in a "closed shop" dispute that led to over £900,000 court fines against the union and emergence of Mr Shah on to the national stage.

PM's Nimrod dilemma

By David Simpson

THE Government is heading for a difficult decision in the autumn over whether to adhere to the British-built Nimrod early warning system or switch to US-built Boeing Awac jets.

The conflict over which system to accept seems destined to strain Britain's trade relations with the US yet again.

Already there have been claims of a growing wave of anti-American sentiment in the UK several times this year after the Westland, Land-Rover, and most recently, Rolls-Royce engine affairs. A gesture, of the order of British support for the Libyan bombing raids, has been required to appease the US disquiet.

Ministry of Defence officials are believed to have swung behind the Boeing airborne warning and control system in preference to the Nimrod scheme, built by Britain's biggest electronics group, GEC, although some £900 million has already been committed to Nimrod.

The total Awacs scheme is expected to cost under £1 billion, far less than originally proposed, thanks partly to some indirect financing by the US Government which is prepared to subsidise research costs for the Boeing system.

Next month, after evaluating detection modifications introduced to Nimrod and to cost improvements proposed by GEC, the MoD will decide whether to remain loyal to the delayed UK scheme or transfer to one of the seven US options for which it has invited late tenders. Of these, the Boeing scheme is the clear front runner.

The MoD recommendation will be submitted to a full Cabinet meeting for debate. Defence chiefs have already been critical of the cost over-run on the GEC system and appear prepared to write off the expenditure incurred so far, to obtain a system which meets their full operating criteria.

One condition of US bids for the airborne early warning system (AEW) has been that the American manufacturers agree to place sub-contract work equivalent to the entire cost of the system within the UK.

Boeing last week wheeled out the UK's three leading defence groups, other than GEC, to assist its argument. One of these, Plessey, was employed some weeks ago to provide radar systems for Awacs should Boeing beat GEC to the contract. It has been joined by both Racal and Ferranti.

The vice-president of Boeing Aerospace, Mr Jerry King, said that 8,000 man years' of work would be diverted by the US group to the UK should it win the contract for Britain's AEW. But only some 10 per cent of this will be directly related to the Boeing E3 plane which forms the Awac's system, Mr King admitted, and some half of it would go to Plessey through the radars it is providing. A heavy percentage of the remaining work on the Awacs would come from UK assembly on the E3 of electronics systems supplied from the US.

The balance of the £900 million workload offset for the cost of the contract would be provided over five years through sub-contracting on different projects placed by Boeing with British firms.

One incentive which Boeing is holding up to the Government, however, is its willingness to transfer technology to UK firms, should it win the AEW contract, and its readiness to employ British electronics companies as sub-contractors on future export orders for the Awacs system.

GEC's Nimrod, in contrast, is not expected to win export orders of any substance as a result of the poor image it has gained over the past 10 years. This argument may help ministers rationalise rejection of the British-built system.

But union and backbench pressure has built up for the Tories to support Nimrod, despite the problems encountered by GEC in developing and costing the system. Some Conservative backbenchers, with local aerospace interests, have already pledged themselves to fight for the British scheme.

Nail-biting time for economy

By Hamish McRae

WITH three notable exceptions — the oil price, the gold price, and some industrial share prices — the financial world has not changed in any dramatic way during my three weeks' holidays in Scotland.

Those exceptions, too, are less than stunning. If the oil price has clambered back to the mid-teens all it has done is to correct the inevitable overshoot that had occurred following the spring plunge.

The gold price? Well, all the markets have been doing there is recognising that — whatever the nature of the inevitable political change in the world's largest gold producing country, there is likely to be some danger of a restriction in supply which should be recognised in the present price. Add in the effect of the fall of the dollar itself and you can argue that the present gold price still does not give adequate cover for the uncertainties involved.

And as for equity prices of some of our remaining "smoke stack" companies, again that was an adjustment which logically followed on the evident slowdown in industrial demand here in the UK in the first part of the year: the other side of the sad unemployment coin.

But the big questions remain the same, and they relate to the global economic outlook. If that comes better during the next 12 to 18 months a lot of our current worries will, if not evaporate, at least become much more manageable. If it does not then the summer ripples in the markets will seem a trifle beside the storm to come.

For we have not seen a world economic boom that has lasted for more than about four years since the war and this present boom is now pretty long in the tooth. Can it go on much longer? For Britain and the whole European economy it has to if growth is to bite at all into the present unacceptable levels of unemployment.

Indeed if you are north of the Wash in Britain it might come as some surprise to learn that we have been experiencing a boom at all. But until the beginning of this year at least the majority of the population was, even if its benefits were not unevenly distributed, and if the British version of the boom was more muted than that which our American cousins were seeing.

But that was last year. This spring things changed. Economists the world over expected that the cut in the oil price would add something to economic activity over the next year or so. Suddenly a tired boom received a new lease of life.

Better still, there was the tantalising prospect that the benign economic conditions of low inflation which had been associated with the 1950s and 1960s might be resumed. The financial markets responded in suitably cheerful mood, until, that was, the economic boom failed to materialise.

In fact, rather the reverse occurred. We have already seen at best a pretty severe pause in economic growth worldwide, and at worst the start of a new recession. The downturn is most evident in the US, because that was where the growth had been most dramatic.

But other countries like Japan seemed to be suffering more from the fall in demand for their exports than they benefited from the cut in the rise of their imports. It was almost as though we were getting the worst of both worlds: slow US growth without a corresponding rise in Japanese and German.

It was in that uncertain, even apprehensive mood that the markets (bar those minor adjustments) went into the summer lull. But over the next few weeks the tempo will pick up and those summer concerns will push themselves to the front again. Come the autumn, we will even begin to get some answers.

At this stage it is perhaps worth noting a few plus and a few minus points, which do seem clearer the further you get away from the hubbub of the markets.

Looking internationally there is one big plus and one big minus. The big plus is that the oil price cut will work. It will give the expected boost to the world economy.

The point which is being made strongly by groups like the London Business School, surely the best unit of its kind in the country, is that there is an inevitable time lag between a big change in an economic variable like the oil price and the consequent response of the global economy.

When the previous oil shocks struck it was some nine months before the economy responded — downwards. The events are not the mirror-image of each other, but there is no reason to expect a fall in the oil price to take effect more quickly than a rise. Expect renewed growth of a most respectable nature to get under way this autumn.

The minus point is the global imbalance between the surplus and the deficit countries. Will it be of a disruptive nature, when it comes? Some of the preconditions for such an adjustment have taken place.

The currencies are now back to their rough purchasing power parities, though they will have to overshoot. But the slanting of the Japanese economy towards domestic output and away from selling consumer goods to the US has only just begun. Germany has been most hesitant at boosting its own economy by cutting interest rates.

And the US federal deficit remains as wide as ever, with no reasonable indication that the new tax proposals (which are supposed to be revenue-neutral) will do anything about it.

What happens to the world economy will of course be the dominant factor influencing what will happen to the British one. We may do a bit better or a bit worse but we are kidding ourselves if we believe that we can radically improve on the rest of the industrial community.

But you can make a couple of minor points which, if right, would place UK markets, companies, and maybe even unemployment figures in a slightly more favourable position.

One would be the scope for a fall in UK interest rates, which do look quite out of line with those of the rest of the industrial world, given our inflation and balance of payments performance. If the US cuts interests rates again, so much the better.

And a second would be the continued evidence that, at a consumer level, there is still plenty of demand in the UK.

But it will be a nail-biting time. We very much need that growth from the oil price cut. And we need a soft landing, both for the dollar and, more generally, for the whole adjustment between surplus and deficit countries. The first may be more likely than the second. But at least we should have some inkling of the outcome as we move through the autumn.

THE WEEK

THE Soviet Union announced last week that it was prepared to accept on-site inspections in the Eastern bloc of military movements.

The offer, made at the opening of the final session at the Stockholm security conference, was regarded by many delegates as an important breakthrough. But US officials and arms control analysts warned against excessive optimism in interpreting the initiative as signalling flexibility on wider issues of arms control. "There is still work to do," said one official.

THE Australian Prime Minister, Mr Bob Hawke, on Monday bitterly criticised the trade policies of the United States and the European Community. Opening a 14-nation conference of agricultural exporters in the northern Australian city of Cairns, Mr Hawke blamed the Community for corrupting world agricultural markets.

"It rather sticks in the gullets of Australians that on two occasions this century, when the countries of Europe were threatened by war, Australia and New Zealand sent their forces," Mr Hawke said. "Now, they are imposing a trade war on us."

FRENCH nuclear engineers were investigating fractures in the main cooling circuit of the 1,300-megaWatt nuclear power station at Cattenom, 6 miles from the Luxembourg border. The Cattenom station, which was due to start output in September, may be delayed for weeks or even months.

The breach in the cooling circuit, which in this design of PWR would affect both reactors, was discovered by workers outside the control building who reported flooding in the basement of the plant. No fault had been signalled in the control room, according to reports from the site. *(Chernobyl report — page 7).*

SUDAN, racked by civil war and food shortages, is shouldering the extra burden of some three million refugees from famine-stricken African neighbours, the Interior Minister, Mr Sidahmed al-Hussein, reported on Monday.

He said that a million of the refugees from Ethiopia, Uganda, and Chad lived in camps, and two million more were believed to be dispersed. *(Sudan's war of secession — page 8).*

CAPTAIN Thomas Sankara, president of the small West African country of Burkina Faso, abruptly dissolved his entire government last week and placed all state business in the hands of three general coordinators who are longtime military associates. The dissolution came soon after the third anniversary of Burkina's "popular democratic revolution" proclaimed by Captain Sankara after a coup in 1983.

THE suburban Oklahoma community of Edmond last week earned a place in the bloody record books of American homicide when a disgruntled postal employee unleashed the worst hand gun massacre in US history upon colleagues and customers. Fourteen died and several were critically wounded before the gunman shot himself. Vietnam veteran, Patrick Sherrill, 42, described as an expert marksman, had apparently been warned the previous day by his supervisor that his part-time job was in jeopardy unless his performance improved.

CELAL Bayer, the former Turkish President who escaped a death sentence after a military junta overthrew him in 1960, died last week from heart failure, aged 103.

OPPONENTS of Pakistan's president Mohammad Zia al-Haq stoned policemen and government buildings in Karachi last week while his supporters attacked the opposition's property as the nationwide campaign for fresh elections and the release of gaoled dissidents continued.

The violence was less heavy than during last Monday's campaign lauch when at least eight people were killed and hundreds injured in clashes in more than 30 towns in Sind province.

The opposition leader Mohammad Shah Amroti told reporters that at least 40 people were killed, 25 in Sind, the home province of the detained leader of the Pakistan People's Party Ms Benazir Bhutto, and 15 in Punjab. Ms Bhutto was arrested two weeks ago for defying a ban on political rallies.

THE Iranian President, Mr Ali Khamenei, last week warned the Gulf states that, if they continued to support Iraq in its efforts to disrupt Iranian oil exports, theirs would be in jeopardy too.

He derided calls for a peaceful settlement of the Gulf War, saying they were prompted by fears of an Iranian victory and reiterated accusations that "certain regional states," the foremost presumably Saudi Arabia and Kuwait had assisted Iraq in its latest and very damaging raid on the offshore oil terminal at Sirri.

"Where necessary, we shall deal more resolute blows to those without whose help Saddam (the Iraqi President) cannot carry out his mischief," he said.

At the weekend, Iran claimed that it had smashed a "terrorist network" which it blamed for a series of bomb explosions in which 34 people died and 200 were wounded. The announcement followed Wednesday's car-bomb blast in Tehran which killed 20 people.

CHINESE and Soviet troops clashed last month in a skirmish which left one dead along the border in Central Asia, according to reports from Peking and Moscow.

Both sides have filed protests over the incident, which took place on July 12 near the town of Korgas, in China's Xinjiang province.

Thirteen Soviet border guards crossed 15 yards into China and opened fire on three Chinese troops on a routine patrol, killing one and wounding another. Two Chinese civilians were abducted and four horses stolen by the Russians.

Black nations fail to agree

By our own Reporters

AFRICAN leaders failed to reach a united stand for sanctions against South Africa at two summit meetings in Luanda last week.

Neither the six frontline states nor the Southern African Development Coordination Conference announced any attempt to impose economic measures.

The weak compromise communique, which merely "commended" the tough sanctions package reached at the Commonwealth mini-summit in London is seen as a bitter disappointment for Mr Robert Mugabe, the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, and President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia.

Both men have crusaded for sanctions despite the obvious problems for their countries, which remain economically reliant on South African railways and ports. The two leaders have stressed that sanctions are a moral and political obligation for majority-rule countries, to assist the anti-apartheid struggle in South Africa.

The failure preceded this week's summit of the Non-aligned Movement which is expected to call for mandatory sanctions from Britain and the USA.

Earlier in the week, a South African cabinet minister boasted that the country had stockpiled "literally thousands of items" of strategic goods in the last decade in preparation for the sanctions onslaught. He coupled it with a warning that the South African patience was "wearing thin" over Bishop Desmond Tutu's enthusiasm for sanctions.

Speaking at a business function in Phalaborwa, the Minister of Manpower, Mr Piet du Plessis, said that the South African public could put their minds at rest that thorough provision had been made for sanctions: measures which included "protecting the flow of technology and know-how on a variety of products".

Mr Du Plessis said it was time that Bishop Tutu realised "that the patience of South Africans with his antics and press conferences and on television is wearing thin". The Bishop's "claim to altruism clearly does not ring true and it is surely high time that he abandons his selfish motives and desists from his patently transparent (sanctions) vendetta," he said.

Restrictions on press coverage of South African security force activities were effectively lifted last week when state counsel for the Government, in a major court case over the validity of the emergency regulations, conceded that key orders were improperly promulgated and were invalid.

The effect of this development is that journalists in South Africa can, for the first time since the declaration of the state of emergency on June 12, explain some of the cryptic references which have been appearing in overseas reports as to what has been happening behind the "paper curtain" thrown up across the country by the emergency regulations.

Probably the most important dimension which has gone largely unreported has been the involvement of troops and police in the running of black schools.

The Government last month cracked down on schools in the black townships — regarded by authorities as hot-beds of political unrest — by ordering pupils to re-register and to be issued with identity cards. Stringent conditions were also imposed on attendance.

The restrictions on schools were emphasised by events during the week in Soweto. One person was shot dead and eight were injured in clashes with the security forces.

According to the report from the township, security force personnel in plain clothes were seen opening fire on children in a secondary school.

The bureau later confirmed that security forces had used birdshot and teargas to disperse 500 pupils at the school — allegedly stoning their vehicles — and that one man, Mr Maxim Gaga, aged 28, had died. Those injured were aged between 14 and 25.

At the weekend plans to establish a second Soweto township near Johannesburg ran into fierce and acrimonious resistance from hundreds of whites. An angry crowd of 2,000 people, composed mainly of whites, was in no mood to hear why "orderly urbanisation" demanded a second Soweto to accommodate black people from overcrowded townships nearby.

Dissidents reunited

By Arie Haskel in Jerusalem

THE mother and brother of Anatoly Shcharansky arrived in Israel on Monday night after finally being allowed to leave the Soviet Union.

"I want to be with my children," said Ida Milgrom Shcharansky's white-haired, 77-year-old mother as she arrived in her new homeland six months after her dissident son left the USSR.

She, her elder son Leonid, his wife Raya and their two sons received exit visas last week and flew to Vienna at the weekend where Shcharansky met them and took them to Israel.

Leonid said he planned to make his home in Israel, although most Soviet Jewish emigrants settle outside Israel.

"I'm going to stay here," he said. "I know for sure what I want is to have a good rest."

In Vienna, Shcharansky had asked Austrian security officials to keep reporters away from the room where he met his family.

A harsh budget for Australia

By Patrick Walters in Canberra

THE Hawke government in Australia has laid its electoral future on the line by introducing a budget which severely cuts government spending and introduces tough new taxes.

The Government surprised the financial markets by announcing a budget deficit of A$3,500 million (£1,458 million) — well below the A$4,500 million (£1,875 million) widely predicted by economic commentators.

Initial reactions from the financial markets to the budget were favourable and the Australian dollar rose in foreign exchange markets. Some analysts believe, however, that while the budget could lose Labour the next election, it may not be tough enough to solve the country's economic crisis.

The Treasurer, Mr Keating, introduced his fourth budget amid rowdy demonstrations in Parliament. Australians, he said, would have to accept lower living standards in the short term to ensure a return to economic prosperity.

The budget cut A$3,000 million (£1,250 million) off government spending and included A$1,400 million (£538 million) in new taxes on petrol, wines, luxury cars, bank accounts, and health care.

Spending cuts came in areas normally regarded as sacrosant by the Labour Party. They included A$500 million (£208 million) off the welfare budget; A$300 million (£125 million) off the health budget, and the reintroduction of fees for university students. Mr Keating's budget also included a commitment to seek real cuts in wages but there will be no wage freeze.

Inflation is predicted to be 8 per cent in 1986-87, still well above the rates of Australia's main trading partners. This is largely due to the effect of the large depreciation in the Australian dollar.

Economic and political analysts welcomed the promise of a sharply reduced deficit and limits on goverment spending, but warned that they might not be realistic.

The Opposition leader, Mr John Howard, attacked the budget as leaning too heavily on extra taxation to generate the cut in the budget deficit.

Mr Simon Crena, the president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, said that unionists would be concerned at the level of wage restraint called for in the budget and the lack of stimulation for investment.

Uranium exports split party

THE senior adviser to the Australian Prime Minister has resigned in protest at the Government's decision to lift a ban on uranium exports to France. The decision has created an uproar in the ruling Labour Party, and the leftwing of the party is now planning a national campaign to force the Government to reverse its decision.

Mr Bob Hawke's senior adviser, Mr Bob Hogg, was not consulted before the cabinet decided to lift the ban, and later argued strongly that it should be revoked. Mr Hogg has been a leading member of the party's left wing for many years.

The export of Australian uranium has been an emotional issue within the Labour Party, with the ban on uranium shipments to France being regarded as the most important test of the government's commitment to nuclear disarmament. A leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party's left wing, Senator Bruce Childs, has accused Mr Hawke of "urinating from the great height of his ego" on government MPs.

The uranium ban was instituted in 1983 in protest at French nuclear testing in the Pacific, and was reaffirmed only four weeks ago at the Labour Party's national conference.

The Government decided to resume sales because of Australia's growing balance-of-payments crisis. It will save $100 million over the next three years in compensation payments to an Australian uranium company.

The left wing of the party has been enraged that the Government should take such a decision in defiance of party policy, which is normally binding on the Government.

Mr Hawke defended his cabinet's decision, and stressed that he would not be swayed by emotion or the special pleading of particular interest groups. The Minister for Resources and Energy, Senator Gareth Evans, said that, because of Australia's economic circumstances, the Government had no choice but to lift the ban. "I acknowledge that the decision was made in 1983, not in any serious belief that it would influence France's behaviour, but because it was felt that some kind of moral gesture had to be made. We could afford to make that gesture in 1983. But short-term pressures have forced us to change it."

Blunders blamed for KAL disaster

By Michael White in Washington

THE destruction of the South Korean airliner with the loss of 269 lives high over the Sea of Okhutsk in 1983 was the result of a series of blunders by the plane's crew and by the Soviet military, according to the latest book on the subject.

Neither Soviet nor US charges against each other over the incident are vindicated. But nor does either emerge with unsullied credit.

The doomed Boeing 747's crew was off-course, possibly because of an error in mistaking a single digit in the coordinates needed to plot the correct flight path. The inertial navigation system had been misprogrammed on three previous KAL flights which had to be aborted. For their part, the Russians mistook it for a spy plane.

American listening posts — which appear to keep a better track on Soviet radar intercepts than do the Russians themselves — only analysed urgent Soviet communications on the topic when it was too late to warn the aircraft. This is the conclusion of the latest of many explanations for what rapidly became one of the most traumatic incidents between the superpowers in recent years.

It has been produced after two years' research for a book by Seymour Hersh, the conclusions of which are to be summarised by the author in the next edition of Atlantic Montly. Mr Hersh, who exposed the My Lai massacre in Vietnam and has long been a radical critic of much of US foreign policy, was apparently provided with rare access to the Soviet version of events in the hope that he would go on to prove their contention that the CIA was involved.

Unlike some other theorists of the fate of KAL 007 as it flew over sensitive Soviet military installations towards Seoul, Mr Hersh subscribes to the cock-up theory. At the time, Washington said the Russians shot the plane down, knowing civilians were on board. Moscow said it was being used for intelligence purposes. Mr Hersh, who also had access to US National Security Agency data, found that the Russians had some trouble finding KAL007 on its two penetrations of their airspace and that the fighter sent to shoot it down did not make a visual identification before unleashing his missiles.

Deeper questions behind tests

By David Fairhall

THERE is a technical mystery behind the East-West debate over ending nuclear tests which deepens every time Mr Gorbachev announces another extension — last week's was the third — of the Soviet Union's unilateral moratorium.

By the end of this year, when the Soviet moratorium expires, the Russian scientists will have been unable to test any weapons for a period of 16 months. And since this restraint was imposed, they point out, their opposite numbers in the United States have already detonated 18 underground explosions in Nevada, one of which was carried out in cooperation with the British.

We know quite clearly why the Americans are determined to carry on. The White House has repeated its conclusion, based on the military advice it chooses to take, that whatever Gorbachev may say, it would not be in the security interests of the United States or its allies to follow his example. While nuclear deterrence continues to be the basis of Western and Soviet defence, the Reagan administration argues, some underground testing will always be necessary both to develop new weapons and to check the reliability of existing ones.

The official technical advice being offered to Mrs Thatcher's government, and the sort of line you would get from the Defence Secretary, Mr George Younger, if you were to ask for his views, is exactly the same. It goes back to a scientific conviction that where something as fundamental as a nuclear bomb is concerned, one must be absolutely sure. The computer's calculations must always be put to the test.

So if this is the official advice, both scientific and military, being given to the two Western governments, what is the Kremlin being told? Is Gorbachev receiving different advice or is he ignoring, at least for the time being, what he hears?

The cynical answer, of course, is that the Soviet leader is simply playing a political game with Western public opinion, in a way that his less sophisticated predecessors would not have attempted. Halting nuclear tests is a dramatic way of emphasising the USSR's desire to put an end to the nuclear arms race, putting the United States on the defensive in the arms control negotiations and perhaps squeezing some concessions out of President Reagan when they meet for their summit talks later this year. The Russians, after all, have completed some major programmes of nuclear modernisation, of which the new SS-20 missiles targeted on Western Europe, are a notable example. Gorbachev can afford to call a temporary halt while he puts pressure on Reagan.

All this may be true. Some of it surely is. But that is not the end of the argument, as Congress, if not Parliament, clearly understands. Sixteen months is not really a long time for the Soviet warhead engineers to have to down tools, but their technical assessment of what nuclear deterrence requires in the longer term is still crucial. Do they share the controversial White House view that you cannot dispense with testing? What if Gorbachev's bluff were to be called?

There are several possibilities that could have a bearing on the Soviet position. One is that even the Soviet military's appetite for nuclear weaponry is temporarily sated.

If a nuclear test ban has strategic advantages for the Soviet Union — for example in restraining the wilder excesses of Reagan's Star Wars programme — it need not go on for ever. It could be signed for a five or ten year period, though there will always be some political price to pay for resuming tests unilaterally.

Another factor is that Soviet warheads may well be of a simpler, more robust design — in keeping with their engineering style elsewhere — that requires less testing than the complex, miniaturised American devices. Or the Russians may be more ready to put their faith in computer simulation.

In the West there is a circular argument on this question which must be broken if the Foreign Office sincerely wants to re-open test ban negotiations. Ask the man at Aldermaston why he must be free to go on testing and he will shift the responsibility to the military. Our armed forces may need a new weapon, he will tell you, even beyond Trident. And being military men, they will want to be absolutely sure it works and that the explosive yield is precisely what it says in the operating instructions.

Now ask the military's representative the same question, and he will pass the buck to the politicians. As a soldier, he will tell you, he does not regard nuclear bombs as fighting weapons. If they are ever used the war will have been lost, but his political masters require that he goes through the motions of preparing the nuclear war so as to deter the enemy; and being a responsible officer, he does not want to make promises he could not keep.

Now turn to the politician. He passes the buck back to the scientists — the high-powered boffins from Aldermaston whose advice is far too technical to be ignored, or discussed in public. Even if we never needed a new weapon, he will assure you, there is something he does not understand involving unstable bomb-making materials that makes it necessary to check the old ones on the shelf occasionally.

This circle of reasoning needs thorough testing of a kind the House of Commons Defence Committee could perhaps provide. Because if it holds good, there is no point in the Foreign Office or anyone else continuing to pretend they would love to re-open comprehensive test ban negotiations if only the remaining problems of verification could be cleared. Attention could then be shifted to the lesser objective of possibly lowering the upper yield limit for underground tests, currently set at 150 kilotons of TNT equivalent.

The fact is there are scientists in the United States who do not accept that nuclear weapons must be batch-tested for reliability. There are soldiers in this country who do not believe Britain needs a generation of tactical nuclear weapons. And there are *political* leaders throughout Nato who see a comprehensive test ban as the simple way to cut through the complicated knots the arms control negotiators are trying to unravel and stop the nuclear arms race before it gets to the finishing post.

West German Socialists want to phase out nuclear power

By Jonathan Steele in Nuremberg

A PROGRAMME for phasing out all nuclear power within 10 years has been approved by the Socialists, West Germany's main opposition party, at their party conference here this week. The programme is likely to be a central plank in the party's platform for January's general election.

The SPD faces an uphill task in trying to remove Chancellor Kohl, and this week's conference, in effect, marks the start of what is expected to be a tough campaigning autumn.

The anti-nuclear platform was sparked by the Chernobyl disaster. The party promptly appointed a 14-man team under a former minister of research, Mr Volker Hauff, to work out a timetable to phase out nuclear power.

After two months of debates, the team has come up with a programme under which the first reactors could be switched off within the next two years. A much stricter conservation of electricity is envisaged, together with a gradual phasing out of electricity for heating.

The main alternative to nuclear power must be solar energy, the SPD report says. "Today is not the middle of the nuclear age, but the beginning of the solar age." Despite its relatively fast timetable for giving up nuclear energy, the report takes a sober line, recognising that the party cannot just legislate but will have to win over state and local authorities, and trade unions.

It also recognises that closing nuclear power stations will create short term bottlenecks. There will have to be a temporary increase in the use of coal, oil, and gas for generating electricity.

The report accepts that this will involve some increase in costs — about £3.50 per household a month, and about 10 per cent for industry's energy bill. The report points out that householders, in effect, now subsidise industry by paying higher tariffs for energy. A switch to other energy sources will provide about 80,000 new jobs, it estimates. This will make up for the loss of roughly 50,000 jobs in the nuclear industry.

The SPD programme, the first to be adopted by a leading West European party since Sweden developed one after an anti-nuclear referendum some years ago, is designed to distinguish the party from the Greens to its left and the Government to its right.

THE Chernobyl disaster has forced the Russians to consider locating nuclear power stations away from populated areas, the head of the Soviet Atomic Committee, Mr Andranin Petrosyants, said last week.

The accident at the Ukrainian plant in April has "hurt the Soviet nuclear power programme badly," he added, but the lessons had to be heeded.

Many Soviet stations have been built near towns but the committee chairman said this policy was being reviewed, along with the stations' output and other problems.

The deputy director of the leading Soviet nuclear power institutute, Mr Valery Legasov, added that they were also considering some means of preventing power station engineers overriding safety mechanisms because the Chernobyl accident was almost entirely the result of human error.

Both Soviet officials were speaking at a Moscow press conference to present their industry's report on the disaster to the International Atomic Energy Agency. The agency has called a conference starting this week to consider the accident.

Mr Legasov's remark about overriding safety systems refers more specifically to a list of six crucial errors disclosed in the report, including removing most of the reactor's control rods, switching off automatic shutdown and power level controls, and shutting off the emergency cooling system.

Radiation levels around the wrecked No. 4 reactor are still "several roentgens per hour," the head of the Soviet environmental committee, Mr Yuri Izrael said, but the report to the IAEA indicates that the Russians are nevertheless hoping to restart the other three reactors on the Chernobyl site once No. 4 has been buried in concrete.

The committee chairman did not specify contamination levels in the surrounding countryside. But he did say that Kiev's drinking water supply may have been slightly contaminated, though within acceptable health standards. The Ukrainian capital is about 80 miles south of the Chernobyl riverside site.

A new total of 135,000 people evacuated was given — an increase on the previous figure of 92,000 cleared from within an 18-mile radius. This may reflect the later discovery of radioactive "hot spots" outside the immediate areas.

The Soviet Ambassador in Britain, Mr Leonid Zamyatin, appeared to rule out any payments to British farmers for heavy losses suffered because of the Chernobyl fall-out.

He told a press conference at the Soviet embassy in London that he did not believe serious damage had been done to "the territory of Britain."

The Foreign Office is studying whether it is possible in international law to pass on the bill for the farmers' losses, put by the National Farmers' Union at £3 a week for every lamb that had to be kept on farms because of radiation levels — a total of £10 million.

Mr Zamyatin said those making compensation calculations should "calculate the costs we have paid in order to save the other countries." He added: "We have paid an enormous price. We have sacrificed a great number of lives."

Britain is boosting its stocks of radiation-testing geiger counters following the Chernobyl disaster. The Home Office and Ministry of Defence are spending £2 million on 20,000 hand-held detectors.

Chernobyl: countdown to catastrophe

David Fairhall reports on the Soviet version

A DETAILED Soviet report submitted to the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna for this week's conference on the Chernobyl disaster puts the blame squarely on the engineers who were on duty at the Ukrainian nuclear power station that night. But it also acknowledges indirectly — by listing a series of planned modifications — that the Soviet reactor's design made it particularly vulnerable to certain operating errors.

The accident led from an operating experiment which went dreadfully wrong, according to the Soviet account. What the report to the IAEA does not fully explain is why the engineers should have been conducting the experiment in the first place.

Reading between the lines, one senses the everyday pressures that any power station engineer would be subject to — the grid supervisor who asked for the experiment to be delayed by 12 hours, because it involved shutting down one reactor's two turbine generators; the shift engineer who decided to press on when things began to go wrong, rather than shut the reactor down altogether and start again in two days' time. The bureaucratic nature of the Soviet system no doubt made these pressures worse, and in the end the shift engineer cut one too many corners in his efforts to rush the job through.

Ironically, the aim of the experiment seems to have been to test the safety of the Chernobyl installation. The engineers wanted to see how long the residual energy in the turbine generator would continue to run key auxiliary equipment like the reactor cooling water pumps when its steam supply was suddenly cut off — for something like a minute perhaps. They had tried this before, and found that the useful power fell off extremely rapidly. This time, it seems, they were doing the same experiment with a voltage regulator fitted.

But the team left in charge on the night of April 25-26, while they may have known a lot about running turbines, seem to have little idea what dangerous games they were playing with the RBMK-1000 reactor. Before disaster finally struck at 01.24 on the morning of the 26th, they had managed to violate their own safety rules in six different ways, including removing too many of the control rods needed to shut the reactor down in an emergency, shutting off automatic controls and the automatic shutdown mechanism, and switching on too many cooling pumps.

Preparations for the experiment had begun the previous afternoon, only to be cancelled at the request of the grid supervisor — a delay that probably made conditions inside the reactor less favourable for the second attempt. The first stage was to lower No. 4 reactor's power output to about 700-1,000 megawatts (thermal). But something went wrong and the reactor, by now under manual control, was allowed to drop right down to an output of no more than 30 megawatts. This was eventually restored to about 200 megawatts and stabilised, but it was still well short of the output planned for the experiment. It had also allowed the reactor to become "poisoned" with xenon gas — a condition which, had the engineers been less impatient, would normally have prompted them to shut the reactor down until the poisoning had dispersed.

But on this occasion, for reasons the Soviet report does not explain, they decided to press on "at all costs". Two standby cooling water pumps were switched on — apparently so as to have four of the total eight connected to the turbine under test — and this altered the balance of water and steam in the circuit. The vertical control rods, which slide in and out between the water filled pressure tubes and their enclosed fuel elements in this type of boiling water reactor, responded automatically by withdrawing. But this was not enough to keep the poisoned reactor critical, and the operator manually withdrew them still further.

That was perhaps the crucial act of the whole disastrous sequence. Only eight rods were left inserted, instead of the minimum of 30 required by the basic safety rules, and even they were not in the right pattern to do their job efficiently. The reactor was set to take off, and at 01.23, when the stop valves supplying steam to turbine No. 8 were closed and the generator disconnected from the grid, it was away.

It took only 36 seconds for the shift manager to realise that something was terribly wrong. He ordered the control rods that would shut the reactor down to be driven back in, but they stopped before they were right down. "Banging noises" were heard. The clutches were disconnected to allow them to run home of their own accord, but by then it was too late. Burning fragments from the exploding reactor were already falling on to the turbine hall.

Precisely what happened deep inside the reactor core no one will ever know. Even the Russians have had to rely on theoretical modelling to prepare their account.



Above: A Soviet helicopter in the heat of the action. Below: Diagram of the reactor.

BOILING WATER PRESSURE TUBE GRAPHITE MODERATED REACTOR

FOUR STEAM DRUMS

FUEL

PRESSURE TUBES

FEED PUMPS

PUMPS

GRAPHITE

But it turns on a feature of the standard Soviet RBMK reactor — cooled by water passed through pressure tubes around the fuel and then allowed to expand into steam to drive the turbines — known technically as "positive void coefficient".

This means that as more steam is created by additional heat, the output of the ractor increases, producing still more steam, and even more activity. This dangerous spiral can only be interrupted by some intervention, such as inserting control rods that absorb the neutrons emitted by the uranium fuel.

At Chernobyl intervention was too late. Steam pressure burst the cooling tubes. The heavy machine used to refuel the reactor began to "leap up and down" on the floor above and finally crashed down, rupturing more cooling circuits. Then a secondary process took over, as zirconium fuel cladding reacted with the steam to produce hydrogen. This mixed with the air and exploded into a series of 30 separate fires. Finally the graphite blocks built into the core as a "moderator", to make the reaction more efficient, also began to overheat and burn away.

It was the graphite fire we heard so much about in the days following the accident, but the Soviet account emphasises that this was essentially a steam explosion. A great plume of hot radioactive gas and debris soared into the sky and drifted away downwind to contaminate towns and farmlands from which 135,000 people were eventually evacuated (an advance on a previous figure of 92,000). Thirty-one people have already died from the accident, officials announced in Moscow last week, and 203 have suffered from various degrees of radiation sickness. Fourteen patients are still in hospital with radiation burns covering 80-90 per cent of their bodies.

Temperatures inside the reactor rose quickly to about 2,000 degrees C, fell, and rose again as the graphite began to oxidise. But the Russians still maintain that the uranium fuel itself did not melt. Much of it was blown apart by explosions, but it did not form into a molten ball that burnt its way down through the reactor floor — the so-called China syndrome that was so much feared after the Three Mile Island accident in the United States. Nevertheless, the Soviet engineers prepared for the worst by trying to insert an additional nitrogen cooling system under the building.

In all, the IAEA conference report indicates that about 100 million curies of radioactivity were released into the atmosphere — that is about 3½ per cent of the reactor's total inventory — including all the gaseous fission products, about 20 per cent of the iodine and 10 per cent of the caesium.

The follow-up measures outlined in the report make especially interesting reading. The first, determined and courageous move was to dump thousands of tons of sand, lead, boron, dolomite and clay through the roof of the reactor building to seal the breach, damp down the reaction, and filter the escaping fission products. Gaps were left to allow for some air cooling.

The engineers' long-term aim, however, is still to encase the damaged reactor in thick concrete shielding so as to enable the other three reactors on the Chernobyl site to start up again. In addition, delegates to next week's conference will be told about a series of modifications to the RBMK design the Russians propose to introduce retrospectively — inevitably at considerable expense.

More control rods will be installed to damp down power surges, and on the edge of the reactor core they will be inserted to a greater depth. Better controls — some of which were in this instance overridden to allow the turbine experiment to proceed — will also be fitted. And most fundamentally, the Russians have indicated that they will try to reverse the positive void coefficient that allows the RBMK to run away by increasing the uranium fuel enrichment with the active 235 isotope from 2.0 to 2.4 per cent.

The Soviet account makes no mention of any military experiment, about which there has been speculation in the West. Initial reaction from the few British nuclear engineers who have so far had a chance to read the long report — delivered untranslated to government missions — is that it sounds entirely plausible, with as much detail as one could expect on most aspects of the accident, and given the scale of the disaster, not unduly delayed.

This week in Vienna, expert delegations from all the IAEA countries will have a chance to question their Soviet colleagues about aspects that still are not clear — for example why the experiment was considered so important. The conference will be organised in four working groups dealing with accident sequence, the follow-up measures, the emergency procedures and evacuation, and the environmental and medical effects.

As far as the implications for Britain's nuclear power programme are concerned, many people will no doubt draw the basic lesson that the operation of a nuclear reactor has once again been shown to be vulnerable to human error. The nuclear industry itself, however, will probably draw comfort from the fact in this country, human error would hardly be multiplied on such a scale, and that our reactor designs are different, without the RBMK's particular vulnerability. The PWR they want to build at Sizewell, it will be pointed out, has a negative void coefficient, not a positive one.

Sudan's war of secession

Nick Cater in Khartoum reports on a worsening civil war

A FEW miles out of Omdurman, across shifting hot sand is Souk Libya — the Libyan market — a scattering of water tanks and pens at the end of stock routes from the west where dealers in white djellabas haggle over hundreds of thousands of cattle every year.

Amid the milling herds it is easy to spot the high horns of what the dealers say are "Bahr Al Ghazal cattle" from a Sudanese region 500 miles away. Observers claim, however, that they are from among more than 250,000 cattle stolen in an ever more bloody proxy war of militias and irregulars fighting along tribal lines with food as a weapon, rape as a tactic, and destruction of traditional societies as the apparent strategy for victory.

Some of the Souk cattle have the tell-tale twist at the tip of one horn, formed by cutting it as it grows, on which men of the south's largest tribe, the two million-strong Dinka, hang decorations to distinguish their most valued possession, the Song Bull, to which they sing hymns of praise.

Young Dinka are the main troops of the Sudan People's Liberation Army, whose war for a "united socialist Sudan with religious freedom and regional autonomy" is being supported by Ethiopia in the hope of forcing Sudan to halt its help for Eritrean and Tigrayan secessionists. The SPLA was born out of southerners' suspicions of the Muslim majority's aggressive intentions. Kept separate by colonial Britain in the hope of welding it into an East African federation to hold back Islam, the region slipped into its first guerrilla war as independence was announced in 1956.

For 17 years secessionist fighting grew, costing perhaps half a million lives, preventing southern progress and sapping the north's economy, until two new leaders found power — rebel chief Joseph Lagu and Jafaar Nimeiri, who led a coup in 1969. But their 1972 peace deal allowing a measure of southern autonomy slowly collapsed as recession made development promises worthless.

In 1983, a small southern troop mutiny produced the political spark for a new rebellion when Nimeiri imposed Islamic Sharia law — with punishments of flogging for possessing alcohol and hand amputation for theft — on people of all religions. He also divided up the land to eliminate Dinka dominance and talked of creating an Islamic constitution.

The army officer sent to quell the mutiny defected to create the SPLA military machine. John Garang de Moibor, a Christian Dinka with an American Ph.D. in rural development, won Mengistu's backing to set up bases in Ethiopia. After three years of grinding guerrilla warfare, Sudan's dispirited army is largely confined to garrison towns, while the SPLA roams seemingly at will across much of the Upper Nile and Bahr Al Ghazal regions and has pressed into the southernmost region of Equatoria.

The present rebel offensive on Equatoria's capital, Juba, demonstrated the development of the proxy war, with initial attacks by armed Dinka irregulars rather than SPLA regulars, while the local Mundari tribe, whose 1,000-strong militia buys its own weapons but receives army ammunition, suffered heavy casualties as Juba's first line of defence.

In Bahr Al Ghazal, the army also takes a back seat to a militia it has created. This is the well-armed force of the Messeriya, Arab nomads whose concept of a self-defence force is claimed to include gangs of hundreds of men raiding deep into the territory of their Dinka rivals.

The Bahr Al Ghazal river border between north and south has always seen conflict between Arab nomads and Dinka cattle herders. For a year, Messeriya raiding parties have conducted scorched earth attacks on towns and villages around the regional capital of Wau.

Local chiefs consistently claim the Messeriya rape and abduct women, torture the men, destroy food stocks and water boreholes, and kill anyone in their way before driving off all livestock. The entire structure of Dinka life revolves around cattle, so the theft of more than 250,000 livestock is more damaging in its impact even than the loss of the millions of pounds they fetch in Omdurman. Such cattle are also the SPLA's main source of food.

Thousands have fled north or to overcrowded towns where food supplies are dwindling fast. In a report from Wau, Bishop Joseph Nyekindi wrote that wherever the Messeriya or bandits appear, "there is loss of properties and cattle, burning of houses and stores, killing of innocent civilians and abduction of women and children." He added: "Hunger is at the highest peak in the town of Wau. Seeds planted are scratched out at night by other people for food. Life is on the verge of extinction."

Destabilising Dinka society to empty the countryside and remove the SPLA's food-on-the-hoof would give the newly elected government of the Prime Minister, Sadiq El Mahdi, a greater chance of success in what must be its main, if not sole, objective in the south: to regain control of the Bentiu oilfields from the SPLA. In recent weeks yet another of the armed tribal militias, the Anyanya II, whose Nuer membership is traditionally antagonistic to Dinka, claimed to have destroyed SPLA camps near the oilfields.

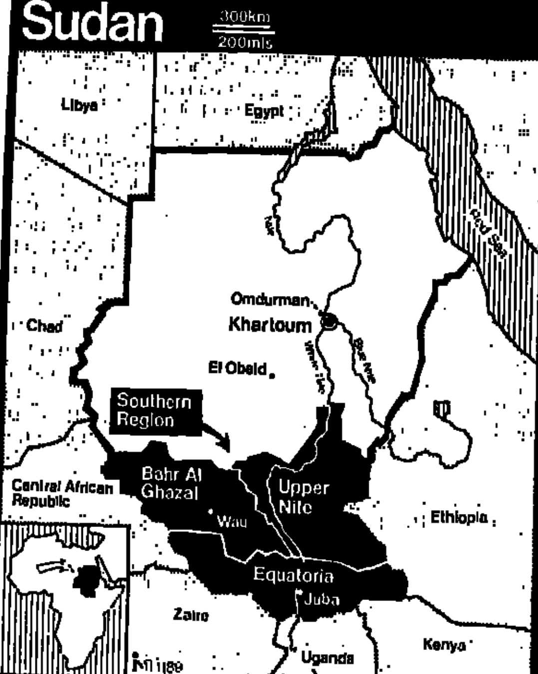
While Khartoum needs control over the oilfields to boost its creditworthiness in the face of $13.3 billion debts, the SPLA's Juba push appeared timed to pressurise Sadiq El Mahdi during the Organisation of African Unity summit in Addis Ababa, where Sudan and Ethiopia held talks and Sadiq met Garang in inconclusive talks.

Neither government shows signs of cutting support for liberation movements. Even if Garang was free of Ethiopian influence, Sadiq's recent announcements offer no reassurance for southern fears, with declarations of the Sharia's reformation (not abolition), and that an Islamic constitution will be introduced reflecting his need to counter the influence of the fundamentalist National Islamic Front opposition party which is strong within the army.

While peace prospects remain poor, civilians are suffering. Aid agencies warn that at least two million could face starvation in the south as the conflict spreads. Child malnutrition rates in some areas are already reaching levels only exceeded in Sudan during the worst of the northern drought. Instability makes relief efforts almost impossible in Upper Nile and Bahr Al Ghazal, but charities have formed the Combined Agencies' Relief Team to truck food out from Juba to surrounding villages.

Although it is moving only a few hundred tonnes a week when estimates for the south's needs go beyond 90,000 tonnes. Cart's efforts call for a tightrope act to avoid government interference. Interviewed in Juba, Equatoria's military governor, Major-General Peter Cirillo, praised efforts to reach and feed remote villages; 10 minutes later he showed greater enthusiasm for stockpiling food in areas under military control. But the military's reach continues to recede, and Cirillo confirmed Ethiopians have begun flying supplies into SPLA-controlled airstrips in the south.

There appears to be no "hearts and minds" effort by either side. During the SPLA push on Juba, the army did not prevent defeated Mundari from slaughtering unarmed Dinka, while suspected SPLA supporters ambushed and killed four Sudanese aid workers whose agency distributes food relief to civilians. By relying on tribal loyalties, or buying them with bullets, and attempting to cut opponents' food supplies, the army and SPLA seem determined to fulfil one southern politician's despairing forecast two years ago that "if something isn't done, this will turn into another Lebanon."



Muslim in red

By Martin Walker in Moscow

DUNIA BEKMURADOVA went out, as evening fell, to the courtyard of her home in the Turkmen village too small to have a name, poured petrol over her veiled head and struck the match. She finally died the next morning.

Perhaps she died for love, perhaps for a tribal and religious tradition far older than the Soviet state which has been trying to grapple with the implications of her death.

The village where she was born, grew to womanhood and died lies just on the Soviet side of the Afghan border, about 100 miles north of Herat. The women in this region still wear yashmaks, and although Dunia, like most of her contemporaries, paid her subscription to the Komsomol, the Young Communists' League, local custom proved stronger than ideology.

In this part of the Soviet Union, the traditional Muslim wedding feasts still take place and can still last for up to a week. But increasingly, the feasts take a modern form which is known as a "Komsomol wedding". A Komsomol wedding means only that the guests sit on benches, rather than squat on the floor, and the bride in her pride of place daringly faces the guests.

Dunia's tragedy began when she was a schoolgirl and sent affectionate notes to a schoolmate, a bright young lad called Nur Mukhamed. Apart from telling her curtly that this was no way for a good Turkmen woman to behave, he ignored her. He went off to agricultural college, and while all of the other girls in Dunia's village were getting married and starting families, she was shunned.

She wrote to Nur Mukhamed, pleading with him to marry her "if only for a year. Better to be divorced than to be what I am now, when nobody talks to me, and all believe that there was something between us."

Nur Mukhamed came back to the village and was elected secretary of the Komsomol at the local collective farm. His relatives urged him to marry Dunia, since she was already disgraced for other men. His grandmother visited Dunia's parents to arrange the marriage.

But Nur Mukhamed refused, and went off to the city to begin a promising career at party headquarters, in charge of a Komsomol section. Dunia and her mother followed, visiting the party secretary in their full regalia of yashmaks and robes to plead their cause. Still, Nur Mukhamed refused, and so Dunia went home to commit suicide by fire.

It is a case that has thrown up all sorts of questions about the relationship of Muslim tradition to the Soviet state, about the success of modern education in raising a new, secular generation of Muslim youth, and more immediately, it has brought into the public gaze the sheer power of custom in the Soviet Union's own deep south.

Komsomolskaya Pravda has devoted a long article to the officially illegal practice of kalym, or a dowery for the bride. Local officials in Turkmenia acknowledged that they could not think of a wedding where kalym had not been paid.

"A sum of 20,000 roubles (£19,400) is considered quite modest, allowing matters to be arranged more or less decently," the paper noted. "And these days, kalym is not money alone. On the eve of marriage, the families make up agreed lists which include items such as gold teeth for the bride, a 'profitable' job for her elder brother, or fixing the admission to an institute for her young brother."

With mounting disbelief, Komsomolskaya Pravda's reporter began questioning local Party officials, and found some of them making a staunch defence of the practice.

"Young families founded on such arrangements made by their parents are much stronger, thanks to kalym, than marriages for love. The kalym money is spent on buttressing the material comforts of the newly-weds, allowing them to set up a proper home. Since this strengthens the family, such customs are progressive," one local Party official is quoted as saying.

Brides, apparently, feel undervalued and even disgraced unless their kalym is high. And in the case of poor Dunia, the disgrace was all the greater. Her reluctant swain, Nur Mukhamed has seen his career fall into ruin.

He is now serving a four-year prison term passed by a local court, for reasons which remain as obscure, but doubtless as powerful, as the mysterious old traditions of Soviet central Asia.

Fifty years ago, the Russian Revolution began publicly to devour its own children. Geoffrey Robertson examines the trial of Bukharin and the legacy of Stalin's rough justice

The day of the mad dogs

IF YOU wish to rewrite history, you must first eliminate those who made it. That was the objective of the Moscow show trials, which opened on August 19, 1936, with the indictments against Zinoviev, Kamenev, and 14 of their old revolutionary comrades. The 50th anniversary of the world's most infamous miscarriage of justice deserves some recognition, not only because it was the visible tip of an iceberg of terror which immersed more victims than Hitler's holocaust, but in memory of those defendants whose innocence the Soviet Union can still not bring itself to acknowledge.

The reason why once-brave Bolsheviks participated in orgies of grovelling confessions to crimes they could never have committed remains one of the great enigmas of modern history: the techniques which procured those confessions and the mechanics of the "show trial" which gave them credence have not been exorcised from the criminal justice systems of countries far removed in time from the Moscow of Stalin's manic purges.

The remains of Andrei Vyshinsky, prosecutor and choreographer of the show trial charades, lie in the wall of the Kremlin reserved for the ashes of Soviet heroes. The author of The Problem of Evaluation of Proof in Criminal Trials went on to become Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations and Minister for Foreign Affairs. To this time-serving lawyer, who had opposed the October 1917 Revolution, fell the task of exterminating most of that revolution's remaining heroes. They were shot in the back of the head in the Lubianka prison, 50 of them after public confessions at the three Moscow trials, the rest after secret summary convictions.

Vyshinsky's most notable victim was Nicolai Bukharin, draftsman of the Soviet constitution and the most influential Bolshevik theorist and politician after Lenin — a moderate and comparatively humane Socialist whose crime of opposition to Stalin's "Gengis Khan plan" of brutal collectivisation was transformed at his trial into guilt of treason, sabotage and murder.

Ironically it was Bukharin who in 1918 had presented the politburo with an "Anti Thermidorian Catechism" designed to prevent the very fratricide within the party to which he later fell victim. Lenin tore it up: "If any of us were ever to be tempted to settle our differences by means of the guillotine, then God have mercy upon us . . . it is a childish idea that we could stop or forestall so fatal a development with the help of a sheet of paper like this."

Twenty years later, Bukharin stood in the Moscow dock arraigned on fantastic charges, including an attempt to assassinate Lenin. "It must be said," he answered Vyshinsky at one point "for the sake of historical exactitude . . ." "Don't trouble to speak for history, accused Bukharin," snapped the prosecutor. "History itself will itself record what will be interesting for history."

The historical record of these massive frame-ups was slow to set itself straight. The testimony at the Moscow trials was accorded considerable credulity throughout the world. At the first trial, the 16-year-old Bolsheviks spent the week before their execution elaborately and even enthusiastically confessing to treason, terrorism and spying for Axis powers at the instigation of Trotsky. Extracts from the interrogation of Zinoviev and Kamenev, Lenin's close lieutenants, gives the flavour of the proceedings.

Kamenev: I, together with Zinoviev and Trotsky, organised and guided this terrorist conspiracy. I had become convinced that Stalin's policy was successful and victorious . . . yet we were actuated by boundless hatred and by lust for power . . .

Vyshinsky: You have expressed your loyalty to the party in various articles and statements. Was all this deception on your part?

Kamenev: No, it was worse than deception.

Vyshinsky: Perfidy?

Kamenev: Worse than that!

Vyshinsky: Worse than deception? Worse than perfidy? Then, find a word for it. Treason?

Kamenev: You have found the word.

Vyshinsky: Defendant Zinoviev, do you confirm this?

Zinoviev: Yes I do. Treason, perfidy double dealing.

And so it went on, an orchestrated litany of lying which reached its crescendo in Vyshinsky's concluding remarks to the bench: "I demand that the mad dogs be shot! Every one of them should be shot." Almost all of them were, at that and subsequent show trials in January 1937 and March 1938. Meanwhile, countless others suspected of belonging to "the enemy within" received the early morning knock on the door which led swiftly and secretly to execution: the purges between 1936-39 claimed the lives of several million victims from every strata of Soviet society. They destroyed all opposition to Stalin within the party, decimated the leadership of the army and swelled the labour camps with political prisoners.

On the day of his execution Bukharin, who had been the chief defendant at the last of the trials, wrote a final letter to Stalin. "Why," he asked "do you need me to die . . .?" Some historians have found the answer in Stalin's personal paranoia — and indeed one British trial observer, Fitzroy Maclean, claims to have noticed "the familiar features and heavy drooping moustache peering out from behind the black glass of a small window, high up under the ceiling of the courtroom." Recent studies see "Stalin's terror" as a more chaotic and spontaneous wave of revolutionary puritanism, not directed from above although certainly deriving its momentum from the conspiracy theories paraded by Vyshinsky at the Moscow trials.



Bukharin (above left) wrote to Stalin asking: "why do you need me to die?"

Credulity in Russia at the time is understandable: in the West, it now seems unforgivable. The confidence trick succeeded, however, because it adhered to the *forms* of legality: the trials were open and before judges, the defendants were entitled to lawyers and their confessions in custody had been signed and then repeated under Vyshinksy's dogged but (with the exception of Bukharin) reasonable questioning. D. N. Pritt, KC, MP, the distinguished human rights advocate wrote an instant influential pamphlet pronouncing the Moscow trials fair. As Neil McLean, MP, said in a foreword to the published transcript of the second trial: "Practically every foreign correspondent present at the trial has expressed himself as very much impressed by the weight of the evidence presented by the prosecution and the sincerity of the confessions of the accused." Harry Pollitt exalted at Bukharin's execution — "A gigantic conspiracy has been unfolded in the trial. There is no need to amplify or explain the evidence — it speaks for itself."

Many of Britain's leftwing intelligentsia suspended all disbelief. Although the Manchester Guardian, to its credit, remained dubious, The Times editorially congratulated Stalin on consolidating his conservative rule. So why did 54 leading Bolsheviks, most of them veterans of the Czar's prisons who had risked death in the revolution, abase themselves by falsely confessing to treasons which made nonsense of their life's work? Khruschev (who had himself led demonstrations in 1937 demanding their death) put it all down to cruel and inhuman tortures. "Stalin originated the concept of 'enemy of the people' " he explained in 1956. "This term automatically rendered it unnecessary that the ideological errors of men engaged in a controversy be proved . . . the only proof of guilt used, against all norms of current legal science, was the confession which were acquired through physical pressures against the accused."

There is no doubt that Stalin's secret police, the NKVD used forms of torture which could break men incarcerated in the Lubianka for many months before their trial. Besanov, who proved the basic link between the "left" Trotskyites of the first trial and the "right" Bukharinites of the third, did so after 17 days on "the conveyor" — a disorientation technique in which lack of food and sleep together with physical discomfort alternate with interrogation sessions to enhance suggestibility and acquiesence.

But torture is all too simple an explanation for the willing, even enthusiastic, participants in the show trials. The "conveyor" may have broken some down at the beginning, and physical violence readily extracts signatures on pre-written statements, but no amount of ill-treatment could have motivated the actors through months of rehearsal, or have made them afraid to speak the truth, a few days before their certain death, when they stood before the public microphone in front of dozens of foreign observers.

The bully boy explanations provided by Khrushchev cannot be the full story. A more subtle theory, imaginatively developed by Arthur Koestler in Darkness at Noon through the character of Rubashov (Bukharin) has it that Vyshinsky, behind the scenes, played upon their ultimate loyalty to the ideals of the Revolution. At a time of national danger, with the country threatened by hositile powers already flexing their fascist muscles in Spain, public confession by opposition politicians to treasonable links with both Trotsky and Axis countries would serve to rally the people behind the Government. The defendants were already defeated men, with no political future: all they could offer was this "last service" to a revolution which had left them behind.

But these men sincerely believed that Stalin had hijacked their revolution, that the cult personality which had grown up about him was a perversion of the legacy of Marx and Lenin, and that his theory of increasing conspiratorial resistance to the achievement of socialism was, as Bukharin had argued in 1928, "idiotic illiteracy . . . the result will be the military/feudal exploitation of a police state." The "last service" of self-sacrifice could not have been the carrot which made them overlook the executioner's stick.

To read the transcripts of the Moscow trials today is to marvel at how completely the defendants had come to live their own lies. They were caught up in their own drama, as if participation in the proceedings had become a purpose in itself — they were actors in a play and they wanted it to succeed. They were angry when their old friend Krestinsky briefly fluffed his lines by pleading "not guilty"; when Bukharin refused to stick to the script they bitterly interjected to denounce him. There was a group psychology at work, not an ideology or a terror, as they rose to play their rehearsed roles in the imaginary scenario.

Vyshinksy's technique for turning thought into crime, and criticism of Stalin into treason, was first to establish a defendant's oppositionalist attitude at an earlier time. The defendant was then asked to create incidents — meetings and discussions with others of similar attitude — and then to accept that those meetings had led to the formation of conspiratorial blocs, which had in turn organised spying and sabotage.

Clearly, over the long months of backstage rehearsal, an alternative history had been fabricated: not what actually happened, but what might have happened had political opposition been taken to barely conceivable extremes. Strands of demonstrable fact — an internal party discussion, a policy disagreement, an abortive alliance — were elevated by hypothetical stages into a final scenario in which the oppositionalists became spies, saboteurs and murderers. Vyshinsky and his band of interrogators would extract confessions from defendants individually, and then stage "confrontations" so that groups of them could imagine how they might have interacted.

Long months of solitary confinement, relieved only by role-playing periods in which they could contribute creatively to the unfolding "faction", must have produced a dynamic of its own powerful enough to see them through the public performance. Those who did not enter into the spirit of this prison exercise "disappeared" — were summarily tried and shot — itself an inducement to the others to polish and embellish their parts. By the time the trial opened, each group of defendants had come to accept that they had no other purpose than to help to project a fable for which, in a sense, they really were responsible: they had helped to construct it by imagining the hypothetical consequences of their earlier opposition to Stalin.

The show trial liquidated men for the crime of opposing Stalin: it justified their executions by a colossal pretence that they had been guilty of crimes of murder, spying and sabotage. The prosecution case bore the usual tell-tale examples of falsification (one plot was hatched in a foreign hotel on a precise date — some months after the hotel had in fact been demolished). The German and Italian diplomatic records, opened after the war, disproved the confessions of conspiratorial contracts.

It was incredible that Bukharin would have joined forces with his old enemies, the Trotskyites, and secretly conspired with those fascist powers against whom he had spent much of his time as editor of Izvestia penning polemics. It was a measure of the success of the first two trials that Vyshinsky could have the audacity to level those charges, and even to accuse Bukharin of plotting to assassinate Lenin, who had spoken of him as a son, as "the party's most valuable theoretician . . . rightly considered the favourite of the whole party."

Bukharin, of course, was a special case. He was not immune from the psychological pressures on the other defendants — he pleaded guilty and accepted responsibility for all consequences of his opposition to Stalin — but he alone resisted all the specific charges of criminality and used the proceedings as a platform to explain his views. He walked a terrifying intellectual tightrope, in consequence of a plea bargain whereby he agreed to confess sufficient to justify his execution while retaining just enough latitude to signal his true innocence.

Given the constraints under which it was made, Bukharin's final plea deserves an honourable place in the literature of political trials. In the thousands of pages of hysterical polemic from the prosecution and equally hysterical breast-beating by the defendants, which make up the official records of the Moscow trials, it offers the

Continued on page 10

Absence of Unionist leadership

THE height of summer passed off less violently in Northern Ireland than the early weeks presaged, but the end of it is looking particularly ugly and the catalogue of menace is growing by the day. The IRA's death threats against anyone trading with or supplying the security forces, the unconcealed sectarianism of attacks by Protestant paramilitaries on Catholic homes, and the intimidation at Short Brothers which management and union, despite their efforts, have yet to stamp out — these are now augmented by pressure from both sides against workers in government offices. Workers in these offices have walked out in sympathy with one another, but the effect on services is almost the same as if they had responded to the threats. Further to increase the tension, the Democratic Unionist Party held a demonstration against the Short Brothers' anti-sectarian measures, demanding to know since when it has been illegal to display red, white, and blue bunting in a British factory. (It is not a British factory, it is a very different Belfast factory, and the confusion helps the DUP but no one else.) For incidents like these to be contained there is a crying need for responsible Unionist leadership lest the unholy alliance between the hard wing of the DUP and the paramilitaries usurps that leadership altogether.

It is at this point that the Official Unionist Party is now saying: we told you so. All through the negotiation of the Anglo-Irish agreement the line was that since Unionist opinion was being ignored the leaders were being side-tracked and the paramilitaries would take their place. That was not at all inevitable. It has happened by the grievous default of leaders in the Official Unionist Party. They have severed all connections with the Government at Stormont, wrecked the Assembly, suspended the business of the local councils they control. On top of which Mr James Molyneaux has cancelled his weekly press conference on the ground that the media are more interested in the violence than the politics. What politics? Mr Molyneaux has shown only one example of political leadership since the Hillsborough accord was signed last November. That was to agree, along with Mr Paisley, to talks about the crisis with Mrs Thatcher. He repudiated that gesture within the day and has since left the entire organisation of the Unionist camp to the likes of Mr Peter Robinson. Those Unionists who feel cheated by this abdication should make their feelings known and find leaders who prefer talks with the Government to menaces at midnight.

The wrath against the accord is genuine, and the IRA has cleverly found ways of adding to it. But so far the wrath is directed only at the *intention* of the two governments to work the accord. That also is a clever, if self-destructive, move because it carries the implied threat that when reforms are actually implemented the situation on the streets will be even worse. There is not time to test whether that is bluff or not, though it does not look likely. Unless the accord shows positive results before long the Catholic side will be as disaffected as the Protestants are now. Another doubt is whether the Protestant paramilitaries, grown fat on protection rackets and other easy money, really want a confrontation. It would be safer to assume that even if they don't they will be goaded into it. That mood is certainly building up. What will it all be worth, though, if the full anger of the Protestant community is incurred without the necessary correctives to the Catholics' position having been made? We are 17 years into this phase of the troubles, and Britain has yet to find a way to avoid getting the worst of both worlds.

Finding alternatives to British nuclear energy

BRITAIN is not in the least committed to an increasing use of the nuclear component in its electric power supplies. It cannot be, whatever the preferences of an individual government, because it has not made the advance decisions which France, the prime example, has made. The Sizewell B station was intended by the Generating Board and the Government to be the first in a series built to the new (for Britain) pressurised water design, but the long delays in the inquiry process ensure that no significant addition to Britain's nuclear capacity can be made until after the next general election but one, even if the next produces a five-year Parliament. The TUC General Council's recommendation that the programme should be halted until a comprehensive review has been carried out is therefore less revolutionary than it sounds. It revolutionises the TUC's own position, which hitherto has been broadly in favour of nuclear power, but the halt has already happened, and it now seems possible that Sir Frank Layfield's report, let alone the debate on it, will not be complete in this Parliament's lifetime.

The TUC's compromise is at heart the traditional one of setting up a committee. It is designed to bring as many unions as possible into line by holding out the prospect of a detailed re-examination of the energy equation before decisions are taken. Two consequences which would flow from this, if it became government policy, are that the nuclear construction industry would disappear for want of activity and would have to be recreated if the die eventually fell in its favour; and that the indecision which has characterised British energy policy for a couple of decades would be further prolonged.

That is not intended as a pejorative description of what has happened, simply an accurate one. Britain has been fortunate in one sense: it has had a ready mix of energy sources to hand and has not been obliged, as France has been, to take long-range decisions with only short-range forecasts to work on. But the chopping and changing between one nuclear design and another, which was the saga of the 1970s, followed by the doubts about any design whatsoever, have meant that Britain could not now harness itself to a serious nuclear programme within the next couple of decades even if it wanted to. The Flowers warning of 1977, that the commitment to a nuclear future (he was thinking especially of the fast breeder, which exists only in miniature prototype) should not be made until the waste problem had been solved, has in effect been heeded by accident.

A complete energy review is not a new idea. It was the theme of Mr Tony Benn's time at the Department of Energy, when papers were commissioned on all existing and alternative sources. The trouble is that it would necessarily take a very long time and would have only guesses to go on about the country's future energy requirements. All the guesswork of the sixties and seventies was wrong. It assumed a much faster expansion of demand than has taken place. No forecast made in the next five years could be more than a hopeful approximation to what the energy demand, and the means of meeting it, might be in the year 2020.

That does not mean the review should not be undertaken. It should be, and can usefully be, because the existing mix of sources is not going to fail so suddenly that we cannot make preparations against the day. But some limit will need to be placed on its scope. If Layfield can take three-and-a-half years on one power station, with no end yet in sight, how long might not be spent on an open-ended tour of the whole energy horizon? Two projects are worth immediate scrutiny. Much detailed work was done on a tidal barrage on the Severn as long as nine years ago and the Department of Energy has recently devoted another £5·5 million to the project. The barrage would have about the same output as the proposed Sizewell B, though its theoretical capacity would be greater still.

A second spurt could then be given to the fluidised bed combustion of coal, a technology in which British research is advanced. This use of coal is open to some of the environmental and safety criticisms of the old-fashioned method, but it is more energy-efficient and somewhat less polluting. With its winds and its waters Britain is also well placed to take advantage of new windmill aerodynamics and wave power. But (to quote Mr Reagan) there you go again. Once the subject is raised the Pandora's box of options is opened. We do have time to decide, but not the eternity which might quickly open up. And experience might show that Chernobyl was indeed the one-off disaster which the Russians claim it to be and which the rest of the nuclear industry is determined to ensure it is.

The innocent victims

REBELS in south-western Sudan last week bombarded a principal famine relief centre. The action shows that the civil war in Africa's largest state has entered a critical phase. The Sudan People's Liberation Army stepped up its campaign after talks between government and rebel leaders on the fringe of the Organisation of African Unity summit earlier this month broke down. The first major sign of the new SPLA drive for complete dominance of the southern region was the callous shooting down of a passenger aircraft with 60 civilians aboard, all of whom were killed. It is the first such atrocity in Africa since the final stages of the Rhodesian conflict, and in confessing to it the SPLA cynically blamed the government for ignoring warnings to keep aircraft away from the south. Most people would blame those who gave the order and fired the missile.

Having been proved wrong in their suspicion that the plane was carrying military supplies, the SPLA renewed its general threat to aircraft, which has led international agencies to suspend relief flights. About two million people face starvation in the area in a renewed famine caused by the war and exacerbated by other African factors including a plague of locusts. The SPLA's next move was to demand the immediate evacuation of four main towns in the disputed zone, one of which was duly shelled, disrupting relief work even further since transport links were among the principal targets.

The rebels in the south are not without a cause. Sudan bestrides the eastern end of the invisible line which divides Africa all the way across to Nigeria. To the north of it live people who are linked to the Arab world by history, politics, Islam and ethnicity, to the south are tribes connected to black Africa by race, language, and a shared Christianity or animist culture. The historic tension between north and south lasted until a 1972 settlement granted regional autonomy. The arrangement was never convincing and collapsed in 1983, when former President Nimeiri *imposed* Islamic law on the entire country and subdivided the south into three provinces to break the hold of the largest tribe in the region. The division was rescinded by a new government earlier this year, but the important and genuine Islamic law grievance remains. The two sides are also fighting for control of the oilfields on the north-south line, currently controlled by the SPLA.

The question therefore is not whether the SPLA has reason to rebel but whether any cause justifies the tactics it is using. Similar considerations apply to the Government's handling of the revolt, a combination of military inertia, the use of surrogate mercenary bands and an indiscriminate assault on the civil population in the south. Each side is clearly trying to achieve the upper hand in preparation for the negotiations each knows to be inevitable as the only way out of a historic stalemate. The real losers are the starving people of the south, in a war neither party deserves to win because each has put an unachievable total victory above all other considerations, including elementary humanity. Early and substantive talks are the only honourable way out of the tragedy which now looms over the entire Sudan.

The day of the mad dogs

Continued from page 9

only real insight into the psychology at work behind these monstrous events. "The confession of the accused," he explained, "is a medieval principle of justice." Medieval prosecutors crushed confessions out of the accused by piling rocks on their chests, but Bukharin explained that he confessed not because of torture but because in prison isolation he realised he must die and "You ask yourself, if you must die, what are you dying for? An absolute black vacuity rises before you with startling vividness."

Bukharin thought to give his death some meaning by his plea-bargain: He would publicly acknowledge treason, and accept that his moderate policies would have led to the restoration of capitalism. In return, he took a last opportunity to explain his policies and to defend his personal record. At the time, of course, Stalin had the best of the bargain: the hints that Bukharin threw out in his final plea were (as he recognised when making it) submerged by "the reverberations of the broad international struggle."

The work of historians like Roy Medvedev and Stephen Cohen has rehabilitated Bukharin as an economic theorist and humanitarian socialist; he occupies an honoured place in the eyes of communist reformers in countries outside the Soviet Union; his political and economic principles are increasingly in tune with those currently espoused by Gorbachev. The most significant development of recent years in the Soviet Union — the return to "Socialist legality" — would seem to demand the rehabilitation of the man who drafted the Soviet constitution and who constantly attacked the arbitrariness, lawlessness and special party privileges which disfigured Stalin's rule. But although many of his alleged fellow conspirators have been officially declared innocent, and their innocence is logically inconsistent with his guilt, Bukharin's conviction for treason, espionage and the attempted assassination of Lenin still stands. In 1977, his family received formal notification that "Accusations made at the trial of Bukharin have not been withdrawn as the process of examining the documents relating to the trial has not been completed."

Stalin's show trials remain a grave embarrassment to the Soviet Union, where failure to rehabilitate major defendants may be viewed as a lesser evil than drawing further attention to the iniquity of their original frame-ups. A half-century on, the episode at least serves to remind how legal systems, with their varying procedural rituals for emphasising objectivity and impartiality and apparent ability to extract the truth, can be vulnerable to manipulation — and not only in societies where, to quote from Vyshinsky's jurisprudence, "the judge must be a political worker, implacably applying the directives of the Government."

As for the confession of the accused, while it may be a medieval principle of justice, it remains sufficient, without any confirmatory evidence, to justify conviction in the courts of England and Wales. (The Scots, sensibly, require corroboration.)

Le Monde ENGLISH SECTION

Is France edging towards withdrawal from Lebanon?

Noting that the situation in southern Lebanon is becoming worse, France last week demanded that the conditions in which the UN peacekeeping mission's soldiers (UNIFIL) are operating be reviewed. The French request came on the heels of several attacks by Shiite militiamen on UNIFIL's French troops in which several soldiers have been wounded, some of them severely. France considers the conditions are no longer satisfactory.

By Alain Franchon

FRANCE HAS always been willing to take part in maintaining peace in southern Lebanon within the UNIFIL framework, but no longer in the present conditions. This was the gist of the warning that the French government delivered to the UN general secretariat, and also to the parties concerned in the field in Lebanon itself. Underlying that warning was the thinly veiled threat of a possible withdrawal of the French contingent (which happens to be the biggest) from UNIFIL's forces, even though official sources say it is still too early to consider such an eventuality.

Drawing its conclusions from the serious clashes that took place between the UNIFIL troops and Shiite militiamen of the Amal movement between August 11 and August 13, the Quai d'Orsay announced on Thursday, August 21, that "the government had decided to submit to the United Nations secretariat general and the president of the Security Council the need for a collective review of all the basic problems raised in carrying out UNIFIL's mandate so as to draw the appropriate consequences from them."

As it is, the French UNIFIL troops who for the moment hold the positions most under threat as a result of the mid-August clashes in which 17 of them were wounded (since this was written, three more French soldiers were injured in a mortar attack on Saturday, August 23), the French Foreign Ministry communique added: "The government emphasised to the United Nations secretariat that it was important that the French contingent, which has been seriously exposed, should receive from the world community, the United Nations secretariat the the other UNIFIL contingents all indispensable political, moral and material assistance."

What this means is that Paris considers the present situation cannot continue and intends to get the UN organisation to face up to its responsibilities. The question was already raised at the Wednesday cabinet meeting by Foreign Minister Jean-Bernard Raimond who noted that while "there was no question of France withdrawing its contingent," it was nonetheless "indispensable for the UN to shoulder all its responsibilities and ensure that (UNIFIL) carries out its mission correctly." As early as on August 13, President François Mitterrand sounded the alarm and warned UN Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar against "the extremely worrying turn the situation in southern Lebanon has taken" while simultaneously assuring him that France "stands by its commitments".

As a matter of fact the situation has been steadily worsening on the ground these past few months. On Thursday, it was the Irish contingent which was affected when one of its patrols was blown up by a land mine near a place called Haddatha (about 100 kilometres south of Beirut).

Since UNIFIL's almost 5,800 troops from nine countries arrived in southern Lebanon in 1978, they have suffered 126 killed, 18 of them French soldiers whose 1,400-strong contingent forms the force's main core. France has already begun a partial withdrawal, for 220 of its soldiers — mostly involved in supply management chores — are being replaced by Swedish troops.

UNIFIL, which under the terms of UN Resolution 425 of March 1978 was required to supervise the withdrawal on Israeli troops following their first invasion of southern Lebanon and help the central government to restore its authority in this region, was initially well received by the various local militia groups. This was particularly true of the French contingent. Very firmly opposing Israeli operations — following Israel's second invasion of Lebanon in 1982 the French contingent remained on good terms with the local Shiite population and the main local militia, Amal.

But the peacekeeping mission's soldiers, who are equipped with only light weapons, are also there to prevent commandos from infiltrating the lines and moving towards Israel, and accordingly to keep a check on the movements of the various local militia units. Now these groups compete with one another in their opposition to Israel and the South Lebanon Army (SLA), which was set up, financed and armed by Israel to control the "security zone" along its northern border. Amal is therefore exposed to the activism of militiamen belonging to the Hezbollahs (Party of God, extremist pro-Iranian Shiites) who are determined to challenge its supremacy in the area.

It would also appear that in southern Lebanon, the Hezbollahs — who make no secret of their hostility to France — have heavily infiltrated Amal's ranks. This is probably one explanation for the clashes that took place in mid-August.

Given this situation, France notes that UNIFIL's mission has changed and its troops now find themselves caught up in various rivalries which make their job as an interposition force even more perilous.

In the circumstances, it is difficult not to evoke the possibility of French troops being withdrawn from UNIFIL. In April the French "white helmets" who had been deployed in Beirut since 1984 to supervise the application of a ceasefire in the Lebanese capital were withdrawn with the full consent of the Elyseé. The number of French volunteers working in West Beirut (the Muslim sector) has been reduced. And finally, for the first time since 1982 there are no French Navy ships cruising off Lebanon's shores.

(August 23)

Oil prospectors turn their eyes to Paris

By Marc-Ambroise-Rendu

OIL PROSPECTORS are coming to Paris. Sometime in mid-September residents in the Porte d'Orléans district of Paris will see a cortege of bizarre vehicles passing beneath their windows. Four cream-coloured vehicles perched on gigantic all-purpose tyres will process slowly in single file stopping every ten metres to put down a metal plate on the road surface and send out a short burst of vibrations. From 8 pm to dawn, advancing at the rate of 500 metres an hour, the machines will explore the outer boulevards and a few of the main throughways leading to the Place d'Italie and Montparnass.

In November it is residents living along the outer boulevards in the northern part of Paris who will witness this procession. Then in Paris, the convoy will move across Paris from the Porte Maillot in the northwest to the Porte Vincennes in the southeast, and from the Port d'Orléans in the south to the Porte de la Chapelle in the northeast. Altogether 50 kilometres of road will be sounded in ten nights.

The 75 decibels produced by the four 200hp motors will awaken some sleepers and the vibrations will cause chandeliers to tinkle. But the 20,000 persons likely to be disturbed in this way will doubtless accept this new Paris nocturnal happening when they realise that beneath their feet perhaps lies deposit of petroleum.

Early this year ELF-Aquitaine was granted a licence to prospect for oil within the 1,820 square kilometre extent of the Ile-de-France (that is, Paris and its suburban districts). The French capital happens to be standing in the exact centre of the zone. Oil was discovered (and exploited) in the Paris basin 30 years ago, but in recent years more and more discoveries have been made. At the moment the Paris region produces 2 million metric tons of hydrocarbons a year, which is equivalent to ten days of France's national consumption. Until now, built-up areas were avoided by the prospectors. But expectations of making interesting strikes and advances made in prospecting techniques have removed the last lingering hesitations.

The vibrator machines have already operated in streets in Pau, Tarbes and Strasbourg without causing damage. But it took courage to operate them in a historic and vulnerable capital like Paris where residents are sensitive to the least new aggression. ELF-Aquitaine's management and the technicians of the Compagnie Générale working for the oil firm, have decided to take the risk. The exploration, which will continue until the end of December began on August 18 on the runways at Orly airport. It will reach Paris by mid-September.

Aware of the risks involved, the oil prospectors have taken infinite precautions. First, they ran a short publicity campaign in the outer districts of Paris. They next methodically explored the veritable warrens beneath the streets of Paris — water mains, gas pipes, sewers, former quarries, underground metro passageways and so on. And they drew up maps, accurate down to the last decimetre, for each of the main roads that their vehicles will be negotiating. Are the vibrations likely to cause cracks and cave-ins? "No risk at all," they say. "We've tested everything."

After the convoy has done its prospection, it will take at least a year for experts to analyse the millions of bits of data collected and say whether there is a pocket of oil trapped beneath Paris. For the moment, the hopes are centred on the southern suburb as well as the 13th and 14th arrondissements. But the northern part of the capital should also prove to be promising.

What if a "promising formation" were discovered, say, beneath Montparnasse for example? A tract of land 3,000 square metres in extent would be sufficient to instal a 30-metre high derrick for driving a probe into the subsoil. There is no need to be directly over an oil pocket. Techniques are available today for angular borings of up to 45 degrees of the vertical. The oil prospectors have accordingly picked out and photographed a number of places in the capital where their trepans could be erected.

If they struck oil, the engineers would be both delighted and embarrassed, for they would then have to find a whole hectare to erect the pumps of the drilling platform. But they already have an idea what to do in that case. A 150-metre slab along the outer ring road, a fake building front behind which the pumping machinery would be concealed, and that will be it.

(August 23)

Gorbachev's goodwill gambit

The United States' dismissal of the Soviet decision to extend the moratorium on nuclear tests to early next year as a propaganda ploy was described by the chief Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesman, Gennadi I. Gerasimov, as "very disappointing". The Soviet Union followed up the moratorium extension by agreeing on Tuesday last week to inspections of its military activities. The announcement was conveyed to the 12th and final session of the Stockholm conference by the head of the Soviet delegation, Oleg Grinevsky. He said the USSR could agree to one or two on-site inspections a year on each other's territory. That statement was welcomed by the US State Department.

BY announcing that the USSR has decided to extend until early next year the moratorium on nuclear testing it has been unilaterally observing since August 1985, Mikhail Gorbachev has given an earnest demonstration of his goodwill. He won't be the one to jeopardise the flimsy hopes of a new détente, however arduous the dialogue with Ronald Reagan. What this clearly means is that the Soviet leader wants the dialogue to continue, even if it means implicitly refuting very official Soviet commentators who continue to condemn Washington's mistaken optimism and Reagan's inflexibility.

Could it have been otherwise? However wide the gulf between Soviets and Americans on the strategic arms issue — therefore on nuclear testing — the fact is they are still talking. Their experts met last week in Moscow and the same teams are scheduled to meet again next month, this time in Washington. Which at least goes to show that each side finds it in its interests to listen to what the other is saying.

Soviet-American relations have been fluctuating wildly since last winter, with controversy frequently overcoming the "spirit of Geneva" that emerged from Reagan and Gorbachev's firm meeting. Along the way, however, the disagreements have been contained. The main stumbling block is the "Star Wars" project so dear to the US President; the Soviets will not budge on it, whatever their own work in this area. But even here there are signs suggesting a compromise arrangement is not unthinkable. How do you draw a line between research, which Moscow does not insist should be banned and "deployment" which it considers unacceptable? The very idea of a moratorium that the USSR applies to nuclear tests can be applicable to space weapons, with the time limits being left to be negotiated.

What is new in the present situation is that neither the Kremlin nor the White House can completely ignore domestic opinion. Judging by the kind of letters published in the Soviet press, the Chernobyl disaster has left its mark and produced a heightened nuclear awareness that cannot quite spare military programmes. Gorbachev himself made a pointed reference to this new development to justify his initiative. Washington is perhaps wrong to see it solely as a propaganda ploy.

However, it is obvious that here Reagan is in a far trickier position. The recent Congress votes on funding the Strategic Defence Initiative and nuclear tests showed that the US President could not raise the stakes beyond specific limits in dealing with Moscow. All the more so as the mid-term elections due to take place in early November promise to be difficult for the Republicans.

This is certainly a point Gorbachev has taken into account in announcing the extended moratorium. But his decision can also be a way of pushing hard for the new summit that both Moscow and Washington are said to want, and which the Soviet leader for his part quite bluntly announces for the end of the year.

(August 20)

'Justice merely mirrors our imperfect society'

Denis Langlois talks to Ratimir Pavlovic

Paris lawyer and writer Denis Langlois is one of today's most outstanding fighters against injustice and everything that spawns it. In this interview he gave Ratimir Pavlovic, Langlois explains his ideas on justice and says how ordinary citizens can help to improve it. Langlois is also the author of several books, including "Les Dossiers noirs de la justice française", "Les Dossiers noirs de la police française", "Le Guide du militant" and "L'Injustice racontée aux enfants".

QUESTION: What is the lawyer's place today?

LANGLOIS: I don't have a high opinion of the lawyer's profession, but I note there are plenty of practical possibilities. You have lawyers who are rather servants of the law, its auxiliaries in its unfair aspects, and others who try to prevent people from being too overwhelmed by the system.

I feel the lawyer's role is clearly evolving. For a long time he was someone who defended an accused person, or accused a person, before a judge. Today, he has become more of a helper, a support for someone who feels somewhat crushed, someone completely intimidated by the legal apparatus, someone who can't understand anything simply because he is not expected to understand anything. This is more than simply defending a client. The press, for example, must also be kept informed about the problems the person may have to face, and the lawyer needs to try to keep the combat going when the person concerned is a political activist . . . It's far more complicated and varied than before, it's becoming increasingly difficult but more and more interesting.

Doesn't the politician in power become a kind of legislator and "outlaw" at the same time?

The law is the first thing to be thrown overboard the moment there's a major social upheaval. So it's something artificial, it's the result, at a given moment, of a power balance, of struggles between those pressing for their rights and those who make a few concessions. It can be an extremely repressive law when the balance tilts in fact towards those holding power. In any case, as it is, the political authorities who create the law, they are not stupid and keep open a way out for themselves. We tend too much to consider the law to be neutral, to be above society . . . No, it is a direct part of society. Produced by it, as I pointed out, it is the expression of the power balances operating in this society.

I don't for a moment stand in humble admiration before the law. In my opinion, it is first and foremost something that can be modified and which, one fine day in a satisfactory society, should disappear making way for a rule accepted by all and not imposed by a political power, which may well be elected, but in any case does what it wants to do.

As far as the administration is concerned, it is true there are direct influences and that's normal as the administration depends directly on the political authorities. As for justice, that seems more subtle to me. Many magistrates will tell you: "I have never had a phone call from a minister, so I am independent." But that doesn't mean that such and such a magistrate is independent. It simply means there is no need to give him instructions because he has perfectly understood what the government wants. In addition, he may share its values and ideology. He may, for example, feel the government wants a tougher line, so he'll take a tougher line. But as it was something the government itself wanted, there is an identity of shared interests, and there'll be no need to exert pressure or influence.

The magistracy today has magistrates who depend directly on the ministry — the public prosecutors — who are subject to direct pressure, and magistrates who hand down judgments (sitting magistrates as they are called) who have often given in to the government. They all make up the magistracy and the individual political ideas that each magistrate may have very clearly taken second place to the *esprit de corps*. There's a leftwing magistrate's union which is in a minority. Unfortunately, I have frequently observed that there is little difference in the professional practices of leftwing magistrates and rightwing magistrates. This doesn't mean that having another attitude doesn't require courage; on the contrary I believe that bucking the general legal tide means missing out on promotion opportunities and exposing oneself to punitive treatment, transfers and, in the end, being shunted off into a dead end. This is what happened to a very well-known magistrate, who is also a writer, Casamayor. The moment he showed he did not agree with the legal institution, he was promoted to a job where he did not have to play an important role. The judicial institution is sufficiently powerful to get rid of snags, and to do that smoothly.

What is the situation of French justice today?

French justice didn't change very much with the arrival of the left in power: I should say it's still a class justice. But let me explain it, for a stock phrase like "class justice" has been used so much. What I mean is it is a justice that advantages people who have power. And who has power in France? The man who has money. It tends to work to the disadvantage of foreigners, young people and people generally on the fringes of society.

It's said there are large numbers of immigrants in French gaols. It seems to me this is the logical outcome of a system which ensures that people are not judged the same way. This is equally true at the police level. The immigrant population is kept more closely under police surveillance than the French. Immigrants live in more difficult conditions, hence in an environment conducive to delinquency. The police are vigilant and repressive. As soon as a crime is committed, there's going to be an arrest. Afterwards, once the suspected person is charged he won't be freed on bail pending trial if he is an immigrant. Which means he will be tried in more disadvantaged conditions. The judge handing down his verdict, or the court if you will, will also be more severe, as a result you do in fact end up with immigrants making up 26 per cent of the prison population, which is three or four times their proportion in the French population.

Justice in fact mirrors our society. French justice (but it is certainly true of justice in all other countries) tries to intimidate people so as to get them to accept the idea that justice is something beyond their comprehension and that judges are infallible. People who have never been at a trial and find themselves for the first time in a courthouse are struck right away by the architecture. A foretaste is already given by the designation of the courthouse as the "Palace of Justice". Courtrooms frequently have very high, ornate ceilings with elaborate decorations in the woodwork, statues, in short, something that is very impressive for the person entering there to tell himself: "I'm in the presence of something that's almost of divine essence which imposes itself on me, a humble mortal . . ." And this continues in the fact that there are judges who are dressed differently from us (red gowns and black gowns), who sit on a dais in luxurious armchairs.

The language used is not the language of ordinary people; the terms employed are so complex that only initiates can understand. And the initiates are the judges, the court ushers who are there, the lawyers who also happen to be gowned, and all these people celebrate a sort of ritual where people speak in very hushed tones that resemble a low mass. And when the accused is addressed, the tone changes, it becomes distinctly superior, he is almost given orders . . . I know people who were given very severe sentences compared with the yardstick that in general exists in the minds of judges, but who did not realise it because they were overwhelmed by the pomp and solemnity of their trials. At a pinch, it's God who passed sentence, or they — the magistrates — are demi-gods, and there's nothing more to discuss.

How can judicial errors be avoided?

It's a tricky problem, because the way French justice functions necessarily leads to judicial errors, both in police investigations and in judicial examinations, when they do not verify the police work. In France, the police statement is accepted by the judge because most of the time he does not want to carry out a further investigation. He frequently calls in witnesses whom the police have already heard (here I'm speaking of the magisterial investigation). If the police suspect someone, the judge will generally tend to strengthen his guilt and not look for elements that might speak in the person's favour. The court hearing is usually over very quickly, except assize court cases, and the investigation is not gone over again. An error could be an error to begin with, or a policeman who tilted the case one way or another, or made a mistake, perhaps a bona fide mistake.

Judicial error is built into the system and the institutions. If lawyers and citizens in general played a bigger role in looking for the truth a certain number of errors would be avoided. For example, I think where the lawyer can play a bigger role in a penal affair is at the stage of the judicial investigation when the case against the accused is being cobbled together. Once the matter goes to court, it's often all sewn up.

Ordinary people can play a role in defence committees, in existing unofficial inquiry commissions. What I would like — and this was the big idea back in May '68 — is for people to look after their own problems, their own situations, and absolutely not leave it up to institutions or specialists to take care of such matters. After May '68 inquiry commissions, defence and support committees were set up. They still exist, but are much rarer, and in my view this seems to be an essential way people can keep a check on an institution like justice. There'll always be judicial errors, a system can't be perfect, it would be even ridiculous to think this is possible in an imperfect society. But if the number of people who "officiate" is limited, the risks of judicial errors are many.

What's necessary, in my view, is for people to keep a vigilant eye on justice in its most commonplace, everyday forms. This could lead to very bad results, it could lead to self-defence at the very outside. But if people are educated at the same time, if they are shown that justice is simply the search for harmony between persons living the same daily lives, then we could arrive at better results. I have no illusions, it's not justice alone that we can reform, it's the whole of society that has to be modified. Justice cannot be special. It's not because someone like Badinter was Minister of Justice for five years that justice has improved considerably, but because it's a cog in the societal machinery and because this is how society functions. I think it can improve only if efforts are made to bring about far-reaching modifications in society's rules.

One of your ideas is to teach justice to children.

Why do I address children? Quite simply because I realised that people were conditioned very quickly by the values of society and that the moment for such conditioning was unfortunately childhood. Consequently, I have tried to produce a sort of counter-information, to limit the damage as it were. I tried to show children that they didn't need to wait to grow up to try to influence the people around them, that as children and young persons attending schools they could, for example, play a part in combating racism because in their daily lives they encountered racists and sexists. In the classroom, girls frequently tend to be left out, considered inferior. This is precisely something a child can understand and fight against — the feeling of superiority that exists in a boy, fight it so the inequality does not work against it.

There's a whole lot of things a child can do, and in general it's told: "It's not for you, you're too young." I'm personally struck to hear parents often tell their children who ask social or political questions: "Listen, that's not for you, you'll come to that later." If this attitude is properly analysed, it is either ignorance, the impossibility of giving an answer (unfortunately it is difficult to give a simple answer to a child who asks a question) or the desire to keep the child in a childlike state for as long as possible, to keep it for oneself, because from the moment it begins facing up to a certain number of problems it slips a little out of parental control.

Parents always fear their children might have political opinions different from theirs. It's something that can be tragic to tell yourself: "Oh well, it's my child and he doesn't think like me; politically, he's even my adversary." The simplest attitude, which I feel is not the best, is in fact to say: "Politics is not for your age." When I say politics, I mean it in the broadest sense. Justice seems to me to be a directly political institution. The child is shut out of these problems on the excuse his innocence must be respected. It's completely hypocritical because television and society in general do not respect the child's innocence; they thrust extremely violent images and ideas that are sometimes dangerous at him without worrying about his age. And it's this respect for the child's innocence that they throw in your face when you write books for children.

Do you think that the judicial code of one generation can be the code of the next?

Obviously laws must evolve because society is evolving, even repressive laws not in line with what the people accept would serve no useful purpose. There are offences that have disappeared from the penal code, but they had already disappeared before in judicial moves. People were penalised for abortion for a long time, then the law was modified. I feel society in fact imposes changes on the legislator. The legislator himself can take the initiative, but generally speaking it is because he's prodded into doing it. This doesn't mean that there has been an easing up of either the pressures or the repression; they quite simply change form in adapting to our society. It serves no purpose to penalise people who are not rejected by the prevailing values.

So law evolves. Here we're speaking mostly of criminal law, but it's the same with civil law. Divorce rules have changed because people don't want to continue living according to the same rules. But I don't think the legislator necessarily sees it as liberalisation, it's quite simply because the pressure is so great he has to concede a certain number of things. This is not to say he will not take back what he has given. The human rights guerrilla campaign, that is, the act of badgering the authorities on a particular issue with limited means can, at the end of a certain time, produce positive results, because the authorities are forced to ease up in other areas since they are harassed on the legal front.

I don't think much of law, but I do feel it's a major area of struggle which first results in interesting legal developments, but which also permits giving immediate protection to people caught in critical situations. I've always kept in mind the fact that there are people whose heads are under water. We may tell ourselves "What's important is to change the whole of society", but they can't wait, they need oxygen, and oxygen is finally the daily struggle for human rights. Since a government wants to impose its laws on us, you have often to pretend to believe in them. You ask for this or that rule to be applied. But you mustn't fool yourself and others by saying "the law is fair". No, the law is something that evolves, it's only the result of struggles.

Can crime be prevented?

Preventing crime is, I believe, the big idea today, but punishing it at the same time is completely hypocritical. It would be much more effective to pursue a consistant social policy. I'm somewhat frightened to note that in the crime prevention councils set up by the left there are social workers, but also policemen and magistrates, that is people who react in terms of restraints, supervision and in the end repression. In any case, things can become better only if we combat social injustice. I'm not going to claim that social inequalities alone are responsible for minor crime, but it may be considered that some people are almost egged on to commit offences if they want to lead fairly normal

Continued on page 14

Janos Starker: maverick genius of the cello

By Anne Rey

GREAT PERFORMERS don't always have the reputations they deserve and are not necessarily the best placed in the international distribution market. For the ultimate proof of that you had to be at the recital that Janos Starker gave this month at the Prades Festival. In this high temple of cello music, still wholly dedicated to the cult of Pablo Casals, there were people who had never heard, others had forgotten or knew only through records of the admirably sober playing, the pure golden tones and the distinguished phrasing of this 61-year-old American-born Hungarian (of Russian stock).

Yet his 1971 recording of the Bach Suites, a test performance if ever there is one, ranks among the very top alongside the works of someone like Pierre Fournier or the "god" Casals himself. Playing Bartok in black and white, Debussy with the lyricism of a prose-poem, Boccherini with the headiness of a flawless virtuosity, or Couperin like some latter-day romantic, Starker is the very symbol of nobility and meticulous exactitude that you would mistakenly take for coldness. The French pianist Alain Planès, whom he has chosen as his accompanist and who travels with him worldwide, deserves this honour.

But when are we going to hear Starker play in France. A man unloved, he pulled no punches in his criticism of institutions and values he believes to be too highly regarded. A small volume of caricatures, to which he has contributed pithy captions that needle some of his more famous fellow-musicians, will doubtless do more for his reputation as a rebel than the fulfilment of his art, though that's cheeky too.

The volume of caricatures which has just been published in the United States shows, among others, Paul Tortellier as Don Quixote, Rudolf Serkin as Santa Claus, Karajan as a pilot, Maazel in short pants and Giulini in a monk's cowl. The final last drawing shows the wicked caricaturist and the very ferocious caption writer running away, heads down, from a lynch mob. The caricaturist was at one time the little-known first violinist of the Chicago Philharmonic. The caption writer used to be its solo cellist. He has since become a very illustrious soloist.

At the Prades Festival where I met him, Starker produced this inflammatory publication from his suitcase. He is pinning great hopes on it. Not that he seems to like making enemies. But it so happens he is unhappy about the prevailing musical mores. Yet it is hard to imagine a musician at the height of his career, master of his passion as of his technique, a good family man, a good American, professor at Indiana University's music department, Bloomington, daring to take the mickey out of his fellow musicians with such freedom. And it is even harder to believe that this unreconstructed humorist is still a harassed star in the music jungle.

For the fact is he plays the cello like no one else, which means he has personally forged to overcome, or mask, all the restraints that such a bulky instrument can offer.

Swifter, lighter, more elegant and free-flowing, his style of playing is consequently a victory over massiveness, a course that is faultless to the millimetre. The marriage of silk and gold: it was Alain Planès with his supple playing who supported him at Prades in Debussy and Beethoven, Bartok, Couperin and Boccherini. Recitals like that come round only once a year. Or rather, they would do if Starker, who has not played in Paris since 1978, wasn't so unfairly ignored in France.

"The Paris Orchestra," says Starker, for example, "is with the New York Philharmonic the world's worst orchestra. Not that it has bad musicians, far from it. But just as you can't hold it against incompetent musicians for playing incompetently, so excellent musicians who behave like ten-year-olds are real pigs. What I'm telling you now I've already told a New York newspaper. It's not surprising I'm not invited to Paris."

Question: But why do you come so rarely to France?

Starker: Conductors don't like me. And then, from an American viewpoint, your fees are peanuts. There are three reasons for playing abroad — artistic motives, career considerations, financial advantages. None of the three prompts me to come to France. If I played at the Prades Festival, it was out of pleasure and because Casals invited me here exactly 30 years ago.

You like festivals?

There isn't a city, village or university that can do without one. So let's speak rather of summer concerts. A festival deserves its name only if it provides an experience different from that of big cities during the year.

Look at these Americans who never attend a concert at home and spend their summers at big festivals in Europe. They get their dose of music for the whole year. Later, if they are asked to subsidise an orchestra, they just don't want to know. They've had their fill.

When I came to America 38 years ago, the musical seasons were very short, roughly between 28 and 36 weeks, and the musicians were not paid for the full year. The festivals were devised to help them balance their budgets and spare them the trouble of having to become lifeguards and insurance salesmen. Now all American orchestras have their summer residences. In Hungary, there are festivals everywhere and right round the year. It's one way of attracting tourists and earning foreign currency.

And music is the loser in the process?

That has no effect on it. Any more than the competitions which are also proliferating. I have opposed them during 40 years and refused to sit on panels judging. Then I changed my mind. Competitions also don't make the least difference. A good musician will always make a career one day. Winning a competition will help him gain a little time.

Do you like the cello?

I hate it when I have to walk long distances down airport corridors. As for the rest, work, technique, I don't like talking about it.

My cello and I are synonymous. What I aim at is to get the listener to forget my problems. I've always loathed cellists who put on an expression of suffering to get public sympathy. People don't come to watch our antics but to listen to music.

What do you think of Rostropovich?

That's another style, another kind of playing, a world different from mine. It's with him that the public has fun, not with Bach or Beethoven. Don't think I'm jealous. Nobody steals someone else's recital. It's only young people who believe in such rivalry. Besides, I've heard Rostropovich play the cello exactly as it should be played.

Do you think Casals was a great conductor?

Can we really talk of conducting? He conducted, right, we must all be able to conduct, that's part of the profession. I also happen to pick up the baton, but I don't take myself to be a conductor for all that. Very good musicians who are not conductors have spent their lives conducting. Conductors who are not dilettantes can be counted today on two hands.

What does your teaching consist of?

Upsetting students. I'm not interested in what they can do. I concentrate only on what's impossible for them. But music is first and foremost a question of awareness. If someone plays badly and is satisfied with it, there's nothing you can do for him.

(August 14)

Daniel Barenboim: "The little Napoleon who frequently forgets to stay home and work for free."

Janos Starker: "The man whose inner warmth freezes the air around him".

Casals's shadow on every concert...

PRADES IS, along with Aix-en-Provence, the most famous of French music festivals. In many respects, it is also the most precarious, the least adapted to both fashionable ceremonies and a rush of tourists. This is where during almost 20 years, from 1950 to 1967, the first cellist to gain an international reputation, the man who "put the cello on the podium", used to host the world's finest musicians. Pablo Casals reigned here, as he did elsewhere, like a thunderous Jupiter of the bow. But he was also something more — conductor, composer, stout defender of Catalan culture, a man implacably opposed to fascism who had taken up residence here on this side of the Pyrenees, reminding Franco of his "no" with the least of his sarabands. And applauding him was also one way of being on this side.

Pablo Casals's name is still a password today in Prades and his shadow lies over every concert. Michel Lethiec, the young artistic director who has been responsible for the renewal these past five years — he is a clarinetist in the cello's holy of holies — realises the advantages of this formidable connection and tries very hard to ensure that the cello retains the primordial place traditionally reserved for it.

Leonard Rose, the cellist of a brilliant trio whose other members were Isaac Stern and Eugene George Istomin, helped him until his death two years ago. Though a pianist, 94-year-old Mieczyslaw Horszowski, a great friend of Casals and a familiar figure of the great period, conforms this year to that spirit of mandatory participation. And so has Janos Starker, the nephew from America, rated number one by his fellow players and so unloved by French orchestras. Starker the untamed, Starker Prometheus. For one single evening, it was the cello in all its glory: Prades refound.

But what next? Michel Lethiec dreams of restoring the festival's reputation comparable with what it was in the past (save, obviously, for Casals's twinkling eyes) and firmly different from the usual run of festivals: a hardcore of friends for a programme ranging from the sonata to the nonet, great soloists to keep the level very high, resident artists brought in to run master classes with students being given the possibility, at the end of the course, to give their own concerts in different places. The Prades Festival would then come closer to being a great academy of chamber music standing out as a unique and obligatory beacon amid the 460 festival-type musical events that take place all over the Languedoc-Roussillon during the summer.

The choral centre is also working. This is nothing original, but helps to keep the pot on the boil at a time when trainee singers, who are still very plentiful, no longer find places to go to. The prize awarded this year was the right to sing in Haydn's "Creation", sung rather indifferently (by Michèle Pena, Marcel Quillevere and Jean-Jacques Doumène). It was conducted by a conductor without authority (Wilfried Boettcher) and miraculously saved from going off the rails by a determined orchestra (Britain's Northern Sinfonia).

Catastrophic Carmen

By Jacques Lonchampt

Herbert von Karajan is conducting *Carmen* at the Salzburg Festival and tickets are going for fabulous prices on the black market. But artistically, Karajan's *Carmen* is a disaster.

THE DECOR? Since Karajan changed his mind, returning after a distinctly more ambitious *Tetralogy* to painstaking realism in the *Die Meistersinger*, Günther Schneider-Siemssen's mammoth productions are increasingly parading their megalomaniac tastes.

The place given to the overly meticulous Seville tobacco manufactory can be forgiven, as can be — at a pinch — the monumental supporting arches of the arena in the final act. But you couldn't imagine a more horrid cheap coloured print on a chocolate box than the Lillas Pastia tavern, or a more ridiculous smugglers' mountain hideout than this huge gothic bridge skirting the edge of the sea . . a bridge along which trudges an endless succession of bearers which would take at least a squadron of gipsy women to pass through without being spotted by the customs men.

Does the musical interpretation help Karajan to take his revenge. Alas, no. It grieves you to see the old maestro turning in a performance of absolute clarity with a Vienna Philharmonic quick to respond with fresh sounds, but devoid of inner life and completely gutted of its aggressiveness and fervour. It is a brilliant and soulless performance all wrapped up in cellophane and good for the tourists flocking to Salzburg from the four corners of the earth.

Moreover, can we understand why Karajan lays down his baton in the middle of this evening at Lillas Pastia's, why Bizet is interrupted for a lengthy flamenco interlude provided by Madrid's Spanish Ballet such as might be laid on for a sightseeing tour?

This intolerable conception moreover backfires on the show, for the Spanish dancers' rhythms, sounds and frantic gusto — whether they are authentic or not — later make the performance put on by a Germanic Carmen before her clot of a corporal look ridiculous.

The casting in fact is scarcely less of a disaster than the rest of the show. Agnès Baltsa was abruptly replaced by a slim and lovely young woman, Helga Müller-Molinari: she has the ideal timbre for the role, but it is sanitized and she lacks the least trace of sensuality in voice or body.

One might have expected something from her partner, José Carreras, but the little man who could doubtless have formed with Michaëla a couple of charming romantic cartoon lovers, plays such a pathetic Don José that you cannot understand how he could have attracted Carmen's attention even for a single moment. What's more, he has problems with his voice, seesawing between nearly inaudible pianissimi, falsetto passages and blustering shrieks that end up making him look ludicrous.

Fiamma Izzo d'Amico, a blonde Gretchen who seems to have been made up to look exaggeratedly ugly, commands more respect with a voice whose tones are golden smooth with a touch of resonance. José Van Dam turns in a respectable performance as Escamillo: it is well controlled, perhaps a trifle boxed in by Karajan's accompaniment. It is Michel Sénéchal more than any one else who injects some life into the production with his easy style, wisecracks and pranks in the minor role of Dancaïre, where he is ably supported by Heiz Zednik (Remendado) and Jane Berbié (Mercedes).

(August 20)

Will history repeat itself in Museveni's Uganda?

KAMPALA — She was 15, no more. But because malevolent folk suspected she was the secretary of the former army commander-in-chief in Milton Obote's time, she was arrested and held for five weeks at Kampala's Republic House, the defence ministry headquarters. She was the only woman among many other detainees. Under the previous regimes, she would probably not have survived such a misadventure. Today, thanks to efforts by people close to her, she is again free. That's a step forward, but it stops there.

Ugandans agree that far fewer people are being killed today. But however much he claims to be respectful of human rights, Yoweri Museveni who has been in power in Kampala for six months is having a hard time fitting deeds to words. Arbitrary arrests — often on denunciations — are increasing. Gaols are full to overflowing and on Museveni's own admission army barracks are again being used as detention centres.

The police force has been reduced to some 3,000 men and they are in no position to carry out the usual law enforcement chores. The judicial system is clogged up by a backlog of cases it cannot cope with. So, as in the past, it is the men in uniform who are once again calling the shots. Now the frequently vaunted social graces of the National Resistance Army (NRA) guerrillas just aren't apparent. Misusing the power they have, they no longer hesitate to take liberties with the freedom of other people, exactly as their predecessors had done; all the more so, as they have not been paid their wages, they naturally look around for ways and means of obtaining the pocket money they do not have.

"Back to the law of the jungle soon?" was the headline that the daily Focus ran recently in discussing the various brutalities committed by NRA soldiers: near Masaka, a passenger in a taxi gunned down at a roadblock because he was not quick enough opening his bags; a detainee at the Luzira gaol killed because he refused to go back to his cell. And so on.

Even the weekly Topic, which is reputed to reflect the views of the left wing of the National Resistance Movement (NRM), the NRA's political arm, expressed concern some time ago about the lack of discipline prevailing among soldiers in the north of the country. "The Gulu district has become a sanctuary for criminals," it noted. "Armed robberies are reported there every day and sometimes cold-blooded murders. Arrests are also made on the basis of false information . . ."

"We aren't magicians," protests Information Minister Abubaker Mayanja, who denies all these accusations and expresses contempt for those who hawk them. "Ugandan newspapermen have no training. Moreover they don't have either cars or phones for checking out the rumours they spread . . ." If he is to be believed, at the very most, these are just the occasional slip-ups which in any case have resulted in some one hundred NRA soldiers being placed under "arrest".

Foreigners resident in the country are worried by the perceptibly worsening conditions in the past two months or so and which was evidenced by the killing of a member of the French embassy security staff, a British teacher in Kampala and an Australian Franciscan priest in the eastern part of the country. Whether these are ordinary criminal incidents or not, the fact is civil peace leaves much to be desired. "No white was killed from July 1985 to January 1986 during General Tito Okello's turbulent term of office," noted one diplomat.

Acting on behalf of the donor organisations and countries, the World Bank has just given the local authorities a list of some 12 vehicles that were stolen in Kampala between the end of April and mid-July. The drive to check the ownership of vehicles has reached its limits because the green stickers that are put on the windscreens of cars that have been cleared following inspection are now being traded under the counter.

The authorities are taking a firmer line in the hope of regaining control of the situation. Museveni has promised indisciplined soldiers would be executed and ordered law enforcement officers to open fire at night on all suspicious elements without asking questions. A Kampala neighbourhood "resistance committee" even took upon itself the right to order a woman who had bought sugar on the blackmarket to be flogged in public. The district's special administrator, John Kazoora, upheld the legality of the sentence since it had been handed down by a committee directly elected by the people.

It has to be said that the political honeymoon is now truly over, and Museveni and his men are somewhat isolated in power. Nothing astonishing about that: the new government could not wipe out in six months the traces left by almost 20 years of anarchy and violence. Nevertheless, the fact remains that many Ugandans expected more from the NRA. The country is a long way from complete pacification. The situation is still confused in the northern Gulu region which is subject to raids and ambushes by roaming armed bands of former soldiers who came down from Sudan. Between Soroti and Moroto in the northeast, the redoubtable Karamojong warriors, who are better equipped than ever, launch murderous forays that government troops will not dare try to stop.

All the same, how can this 100,000-strong "political army" combat "not only the foes without but also the reactionaries within"


Museveni: close contacts with Colonel Gadafy.

as the new leaders would like them to do. The NRA forms the hard core of the army where it is in a minority even though it has taken care to keep the command posts for itself. There was nothing Museveni and his men could do but take the ragtag and bobtail into the army, even former soldiers of Idi Amin Dada, "infiltrate" it in this way and much against their own wishes with men whose allegiance to their cause is manifestly above all suspicion.

What is true for the army is certainly true for the coalition government where there is a makeshift coexistence of political groups which far from share the

By Jacques de Barrin

same views on the future of the country and manage less and less well to conceal their ambitions behind the vague and vulnerable idea of a national consensus. "We're seated around the same table beside bad elements," pointed out Mayanja. "They have reached the end of the road, but we're at the start."

At any rate, it is impossible for the moment to dispense with the services of these politicians whether they belong to the Democratic Party (DP), which was the major opposition party in Obote's time, or representatives of the former ruling majority, or even faithful followers of Amin Dada, since Museveni has finally given the tourism portfolio to Moses Ali, who used to be the former dictator's finance minister.

Political life is gradually beginning to assert itself. Obote's followers are becoming active again and the underground movement known as FOBA (Force Obote Back Again) is in the news once more. As for the DP's "legalists", they are forever grousing about the NRM for not playing by the rules of the power-sharing arrangement. "It speaks in everybody's name without consulting its other partners in the government," they complain. "We have no choice but to shut up." The other side is no less bitter. "Until now no DP minister has publicly upheld the government in which they however hold high posts," retorts Mayanja. A dialogue of the deaf.

True, the NRM has given an inkling of its intentions. In this respect, the 60-page cyclostyled "Master Book", which serves as the basis of the politicisation campaign, is very illuminating. The authors of this tract revile imperialism and neocolonialism which they say are the cause of all of Uganda's problems. The Soviet Union and China are made out to be "genuinely anti-imperialist" countries, while Colonel Gadafy is described as an "authentic pan-Africanist". Socialism, combined with the idea of popular democracy, is a step towards communism, a system in which — say the authors — moral and intellectual values reach full fruition. In this working paper, which is far more radical than the "ten-point programme", DP members are tagged as "opportunists" and Bagandas and Catholics as "agents of British colonialism".

These ideas are developed in secondary schools during civic instruction periods, at NRM political education centres and also on television twice or thrice a week, and in the evening during peak viewing hours in a programme called "Rebuilding Uganda". Would these be just theoretical views? Not quite for Museveni and his people have begun to lay the groundwork for a "new democracy" quite different from bourgeois parliamentary democracy. The "new democracy" is underpinned by the "resistance committees" which have been set up at every echelon of the local administration. As for the future constitution and the general election promised in four years' time, they remain a total mystery.

Foreign policy readjustments? While he keeps inveighing against self-interested and often ill-adapted aid from Western countries and international organisations, Museveni is trying to widen the circle of his contacts. The presence of Soviets, East Germans and Cubans does not quite go unnoticed. Or of the Libyans either. At the end of March Tripoli took in a good 100 Ugandans who went there to learn how popular revolutionary committees work. And if the Kampala muezzins are again calling the faithful to prayer, it is because Colonel Gadafy is said to have donated loudspeakers to them.

All these things seem to herald a shift that is worrying a number of Ugandans earning a monthly wage being the Bagandas who form the country's biggest ethnic group and who are pressing for their due now that they have helped Museveni seize power. The friction is mounting between the two sides. The anti-corruption drive is irritating these born merchants who want to go about their business unhindered. The political enlistment is not to these liberals' liking. And the government's refusal to restore the kingdom of Buganda that Milton Obote abolished 20 years ago is making monarchist circles very unhappy.

Catholics are also demanding a say in things. Do they not represent almost half the population? In a pastoral letter published at the end of June, the country's bishops considered they were "entitled to pass judgment on the various political ideologies" and openly opted for a multiparty system "through the structures of universal suffrage, general elections and political parties". Commenting on the "Master Book", the Ugandan bishops warned the government against "tendentious interpretations" and "false assertions" that deny man's religious dimension and "may lead to indoctrination".

If Museveni could point to an economic recovery, some of his detractors would perhaps moderate their criticism. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. In a Ugandan government-sponsored report, a group of international experts recently described the situation as "alarming" and called on the government to put the country back on its feet without delay or it risked facing early bankruptcy. They pointed out, for example, that government spending has increased four times faster under the new government than it did under Obote. The weekly Topic recently criticised the government for allegedly planning to buy some 100 Mercedes cars for a cabinet consisting of some 50 members.

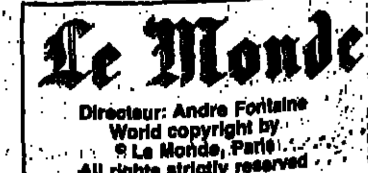
Apart from a few measures taken at the end of May, the economic programme is one of inaction. The budgetary year began on July 1, but there was no budget. The $161 million rehabilitation programme was met only to the tune of some $30 million by the donors. Investors are still not prepared to lay their money out on Uganda. Everybody wants to know the precise intentions of the ruling group which up to now has been paralysed by an internal tussle between proponents of economic liberalism and a command economy. The group of experts proposes shock therapy — devaluation of the Ugandan shilling, reductions in public service manning levels and halving the size of the cabinet.

It is not easy to evaluate the struggle for influence going on in the corridors of power between radicals and moderates. It is not easy either to shed light on the slow process by which decisions are made. Anxious to head off any clashes between rival clans in his own entourage, Museveni cannot ignore what is happening elsewhere on the political spectrum where certain people are trying to foil his plans. For example, the DP which is well entrenched in several regions controls a good many "resistance committees" to the great displeasure of NRM officials irritated at seeing the worm getting into the fruit.

Everything appeared simple to these guerrillas when they were out in the bush. Now, with power in their hands, they are discovering that handling people is less easy than handling ideas. It is fine, for example, to launch a relentless campaign against corruption. But how do you go about preventing gandans earning a monthly wage equivalent to the price of three packs of cigarettes or two bunches of plantains from trying to supplement their incomes by every possible means? Museveni recently recalled the time in the underground when his soldiers marched in step without asking questions.

Today Museveni wears a bullet-proof vest and drives around in an armour-plated Mercedes which is followed by a Land-Rover on which is mounted a machine gun. The guerrilla leader has become a head of state, and he shoulders its privileges and drawbacks. Feeling the ground giving under his feet, will he not tend to break with the old order of things rather than put up with it? Or will he give in to the temptation of totalitarianism? Those who fear that recall Amin Dada's triumphant arrival in power, then the slow descent into the Ugandan hell. Will history be repeated?

(August 20)



Justice mirrors society

Continued from page 12

lives and be accepted by society.

A society where nothing happens is of course a dead society. When people clash, when they disagree, it's up to society as a whole, but at its lowest level, at the level of the nieghbourhood or even the block itself, to settle such differences. What frightens me is that every time there's a dispute people react by calling in public safety specialists — policemen and gendarmes — who have no intention of settling matters of this sort amicably. Moreover, they are not trained for this and most often reduce such conflicts to a question of law enforcement.

I tend to think that repression is absolutely not a solution, that we must try to settle these disputes as between people living the same lives, doing the same jobs, and especially not like certain people who practise self-defence by arming themselves and reaching for their weapons at the least sign of a danger they take to be serious.

When we speak of insecurity, we should know what that means. Is insecurity connected to crime? Most people who think about it consider it is not, it is linked to unemployment, problems in day-to-day living, the risks of war. But it is in the government's interest to point the finger at something that draws attention away: "Insecurity is linked to crime, it's linked to immigration." It's a shocking equation, and people tend to look at what's pointed out, and not to think of anything else, whereas the insecurity of their everyday lives is related to social causes.

(August 16)

The Washington Post

Military Spending Diminishes Power

By Hobart Rowen

JAPAN'S rising economic power contrasts with declining American influence. As the United States slips into unenviable debtor-nation status (it may owe the rest of the world $500 billion by the early 1990s), Japan emerges as the world's leading creditor nation.

How did this dramatic change take place? In a compelling essay published by a New York think tank, the World Policy Institute, Sherle R. Schwenninger and Jerry W. Sanders suggest that Japan's rise to the top illustrates "the central emerging reality of our time — namely, that geoeconomics is replacing geopolitics."

The Japanese have shown that a dedicated nation with a strong work ethic can gain power and status in the world without following the military route — the one that the two authors say has been chosen by the United States. Japan instead has placed its bet on industrial and technological development and trade.

The authors charge that the Carter and Reagan administrations have devoted too great a proportion of financial and human resources to military competition with the Soviets. They eroded America's economic strength, and thus its foreign policy position. "By most critical measures — competitiveness, productivity growth, capital investment, indebtedness — the U.S. economic position has deteriorated vis-à-vis that of many other industrialized countries, particularly West Germany."

There can be no contesting that President Reagan, influenced by the passionate anti-Soviet commitment of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, has allowed an unrestrained military buildup that America has not been willing to pay for. It is no exaggeration to say that the country has borrowed to the hilt to finance a bloated military budget, and that this overcommitment is a root cause of its current economic distress.

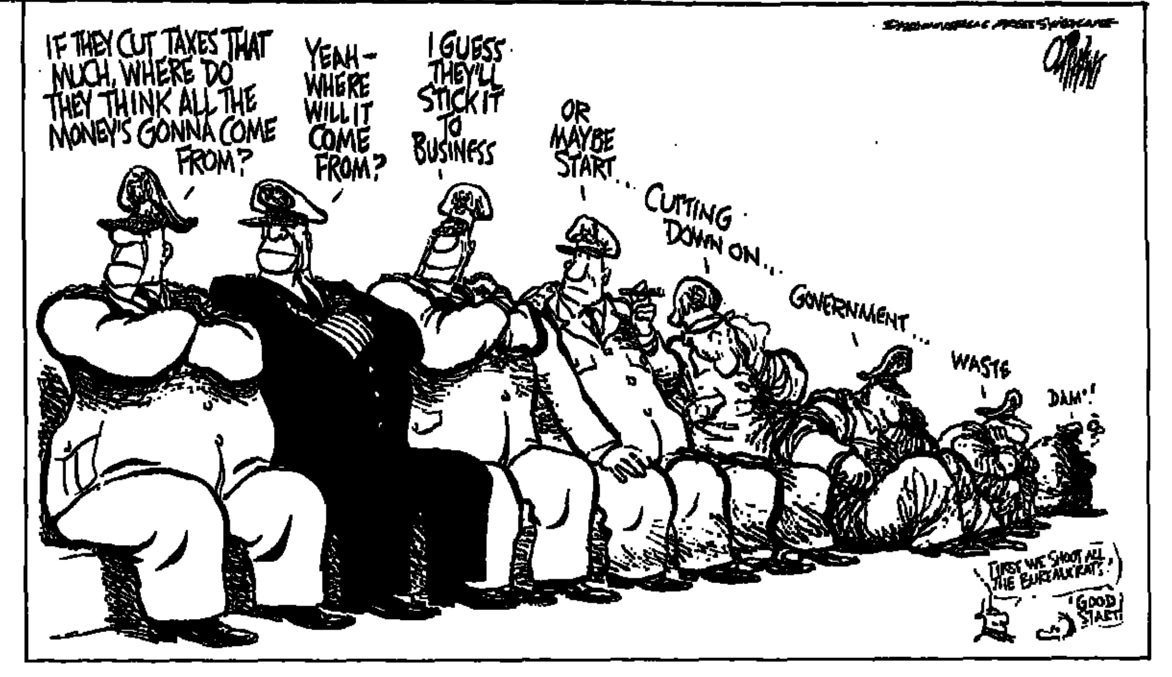
When President Reagan took office in 1981 he promised to end the Carter malaise: he would balance the budget by 1984, reduce inflation, lower unemployment and promote economic growth. What has resulted instead is a debt-ridden domestic and world economy ready to slip into a new recession. Yes, inflation has been reduced, but that is the result of the Federal Reserve's credit crunch that started in 1979, accompanied by collapse of OPEC oil prices.

To pay for Mr. Weinberger's extravagances, the administration has not raised taxes but instead allowed the budget deficit to expand, bringing high interest rates and an overvalued dollar.

In a real sense, the budget deficit is being financed by the savings of people living abroad. Between 1982 and 1986 the United States borrowed more than $400 billion overseas.

Countries that once turned to the United States will look more and more to Japan. It can be assumed that if Japan, rather than the United States, is in a position to provide the capital to the rest of the world, it will also provide the technology, the capital goods and the managerial know-how. Financial power becomes economic power, and both enhance a country's standing in the world.

The solution is to cut back the huge budget deficit and stop pouring wealth down a military drain. Ways must be found to achieve arms control and détente with the Soviet Union and thus regain the means to finance a revitilization of the American economy and that of the Third World. This would not derail the strong march of Japan toward world economic dominance. But it could slow down, and possibly reverse, America's present sickening plunge.



The Colonel And His Home-Made Gun

By Jeffrey Goldberg

WASHINGTON — Flight leader Robert George Dilger was the first to spot the approaching MiGs — at least 16 of them flying down the coast of North Vietnam. The decorated fighter pilot ordered his squadron to attack.

He headed for the tail of a low-flying MiG, got it in his sights, pushed the button to fire. Nothing happened.

He tried again. The missile system still wouldn't work, but he closed the gap, tailing the MiG into enemy territory. He pulled his jet tight on top of the fighter and, the story goes, rode the MiG into the ground. Dilger got the kill.

The gladiator spirit that Dilger brought to the defense of his country won him the respect of generals and appears to be one of two obsessions that drive him. The other, his quest for better, cheaper weapons, landed him in the Arlington County, Va., jail last week and touched off a federal investigation.

Dilger, accused of firing a home-made anti-tank gun at an Arlington gasoline station, was apparently trying to sell the weapon to the government. Dilger's friends, interviewed last week, said the former Air Force colonel was not doing it for the money, although he has had serious financial problems since he left the service in 1980.

Friends and colleagues portray Dilger, 54, as a man who produced millions in savings on a munitions program but who continually missed his mortgage and tax payments and fell deeply into debt. They describe him as a brusque, bureaucrat-bashing weapons designer who, motivated by his experiences with malfunctioning machinery in Vietnam, became convinced that he could make an inexpensive anti-tank gun better than anyone else.

"This was his one goal — he thought the Pentagon and the defense industry had no idea how to make a decent, reliable tank killer," a congressional official familiar with Dilger said. "The colonel had a track record — he knew how to cut costs and he knew quality control. A lot of people thought he could do it. We just don't know what went wrong."

None of his friends knows what went wrong the other afternoon. Police say that Dilger, who was drinking before the incident, may have left a shell in the 8-foot-long, 30mm gun, which he stored in the back of his 1982 green Dodge pickup truck. When he moved the weapon during a stop at the Columbia Texacare Service Station on Columbia Pike, it fired, blowing up a gasoline pump and injuring four people.

Dilger, who won three Silver Stars and four Distinguished Flying Crosses in 180 combat missions in Vietnam, was released on bond after he and the passenger, Joseph R. Donahue, 40, a former Navy pilot, were charged with manufacturing, transporting and firing an explosive device.

Since he left the Air Force in 1980, Dilger has traveled in a circle of former military men who share his conservative political outlook and his unconventional views on military procurement and weapons development.

Dilger is famous in some military circles. He won widespread acclaim for his work on the GAU-8 gun, an air weapon military analysts call one of the most effective and efficiently developed weapons in the history of the armed forces.

In the early 1970s, the Pentagon needed a small armor-piercing shell that could knock out tanks from jet-mounted GAU-8 cannons. The only problem: 1973 estimates stated that the 11-inch-long, 30mm shells would cost $83 each, and the Pentagon wanted 60 million rounds. Enter Col. Robert Dilger, the ammunition program's procurement officer.

What Dilger did was simple and obvious, analysts said. He ordered the ammunition designers to redesign, using cheaper materials. Then he initiated a competitive procurement process, pitting Aerojet Ordnance Co. against Honeywell Ordnance Co. The companies continued to knock their prices down, and the lower bidder received financial incentives to keep the price low.

By 1982 the shells cost about $12 each, according to published reports. Honeywell and Aerojet turned sizable profits, selling 58 million of the shells.

Fifty Stealth Fighters Believed To Be Operational

By George Wilson

THE United States has about 50 radar-eluding "stealth" jet fighters fully operational under a top secret multibillion-dollar programme, informed sources say.

Several squadrons of stealth fighters are hidden in hangars in the Nevada desert near Tonopah. To avoid detection, the planes fly at night under the control of the air force's Tactical Air Command. A mysterious plan that crashed in California on the night of July 11 was a stealth fighter on a training mission, the sources say.

The air force, which originally planned to buy 100 stealth fighters, is now expected to settle for about 50 because of high costs and other budget demands, according to one knowledgable source.

The cost of the stealth programme is in dispute. One source estimates that it will total $7 billion, and that the cost per plane already exceeds $100 million, including development costs. But other Defence Department officials say this estimate is too high. The most sophisticated fighters now in public view, the F15, cost about $40 million each.

There has been speculation that a stealth fighter has been under development by Lockheed's aircraft development plant known as the "skunk works" in Burbank, California, to complement the stealth bomber under development by Northrop. But it has not been disclosed previously that dozens of the planes have been organised into combat-ready squadrons.

The air force still refuses to acknowledge the existence of the stealth fighter, much less its cost, which is hidden in the growing "black", or classified, portion of President Reagan's defence budget.

That "black" part of the Pentagon budget includes such programmes under development as the air force's stealth bomber, stealth cruise missiles and a new stealth missile designed to knock out radars.

Some members of Congress, as well as some military leaders, have become increasingly concerned about the rising cost of "black" programmes because of the emphasis on leaner Defence Department budgets.

The stealth fighter is a derivative of the SR71 Blackbird, also developed in Lockheed's "skunk works", but compared to the sleek Blackbird, the stealth fighter looks ugly because of its bulging shape.

Nevertheless, air force officers are excited about the stealth fighter's ability to elude detection by radar and infra-red systems. Many of the breakthroughs are being built into the B1B bomber, and almost all of them will be included in the air force's Advanced Technology Fighter (ATF) being developed for the next century, officials say.

Each ATF is supposed to cost no more than $35 million, a figure that some air force officials doubt can be achieved, given the experience with the cost of stealth technology on the Lockheed fighter and Northrop bomber.

The stealth fighter has one basic purpose: to sneak up on a target at relatively slow speed, launch a missile or bomb, and run home before the enemy realise what hit them. The stealth fighter is not as fast or as agile as the supersonic F15 fighter, sources say, and might not be a match in a close-range dogfight with the most sophisticated Soviet fighters.

At night or in cloudy weather, the stealth fighter has proved virtually invisible, and is considered the most effective aircraft in the world for special missions. Successors to this first generation stealth fighter are expected to have much better performance in terms of speed, range, altitude and manoeuvrability while retaining their invisibility.

Modern plastics and new composites made of materials that absorb radar beams rather then reflect them have enabled stealth designers to bend the aircraft into shapes radically different from those achieved with aluminium and titanium. Rounding surfaces to avoid reflecting radar beams back to an enemy's air defence complex is another part of stealthiness, as are controlling engine exhaust and heat to foil infra-red detection systems.

The stealth fighter project was begun under President Jimmy Carter, who approved the new plane in 1977. The secrecy surrounding the fighter has been broken several times, mainly because of the unexplained crashes of prototypes.

The Washington Post

U.S. And A Test Ban

AGAIN Mikhail Gorbachev extends Moscow's unilateral moratorium on underground nuclear testing, this time until January and with a challenge to Washington to follow the Soviet example and then sign a test ban treaty at an early summit meeting. Again the Reagan administration denounces both the gesture and the idea of a test ban, describing the moratorium as propaganda and a ban as an obstacle to essential programs of building new weapons and ensuring the reliability of old ones. What is the conscientious citizen to think?

Some see testing as the ignition key to the whole arms race: Turn off the key and the motor will kick out. But there is more than a trace of fantasy here. In a world in which the United States must rely indefinitely on nuclear arms to deter threat or attack, it makes sense to perform the testing necessary to have safer, smaller and more stable weapons. There is no good reason why this should be incompatible with negotiating tighter test limits — down to the level where verifiabililty and military necessity meet.

Demonstrably, however, President Reagan's nuclear programs and attitudes have persuaded many Americans that his intent in testing goes beyond those relatively benign objectives, and that he is jeopardizing chances of topping off and reducing the Soviet and American arsenals. Thus has he afforded Mr. Gorbachev the room to play, artfully, to the anxious international gallery. The Soviet leader has extended the moratorium to the point where even some American experts now ask whether it is starting to hurt Soviet military programs. And frontally, although not fully, he has addressed American fears of Soviet cheating by letting a private American group actually begin on-site monitoring near the principal Soviet test site and by opening the experts' talks on verification that the Reagan administratioin long had sought.

It was no surprise, then, that earlier this month the Senate called on the administration, in a 64-25 vote, to resume negotiations with Moscow at once on ending all nuclear tests. The House of Representatives went on to block funds for all but very small tests for a year, if the Kremlin does the same and accepts on-site verification. These steps highlighted a challenge to administration policy so broad that the president threatens to veto a defense bill that comes to him "in anything like the present House form".

But Mr. Reagan is not helpless to banish the unbecoming spectacle of an administration being dragged kicking and screaming to negotiation of a comprehensive test ban treaty. He could leapfrog this relatively minor issue by showing that he is doing his share to write the major agreements on European-based, offensive and space arms that the great powers are negotiating in Geneva. Or he could move purposefully to talks on restricting, as distinct from ending, underground tests. He ought to do both.

What Is NASA Doing?

NASA'S MAIN PROBLEM now has to do not with safety or its budget, but with lack of clarity as to its goals. In the wake of the Challenger disaster the White House has 1) put the Air Force back in the space business in a major way, thereby reducing (although not eliminating) the military rationale for NASA's work, and 2) told NASA to curb the commercial ambitions that also sustained the shuttle program.

That leaves mainly scientific missions to be carried out. There are problems with these as well. Probes to Jupiter and the sun, scheduled for this year, have had to be put off. The shuttles that were to take them into space have been grounded — and serious safety questions have also been raised about the devices that were to propel them on their way after that.

Beyond these lies the space station, the most elaborate scientific project on NASA's list. When Challenger went down, NASA quickly began pressing for permission to replace it. In part the agency was seeking to rebuild its own self-confidence, but it will also probably need this fourth orbiter to build the space station, and thereafter to maintain it. Three orbiters might not be enough to keep up the necessary flight schedule.

The White House, after much agonizing over cost and other aspects of the decision, has now told the agency to go ahead and build the fourth orbiter, but to take the money out of its own funds. This would further complicate and stretch out the timetable for the space station, and no doubt for other functions of the agency as well.

NASA's budget is now in excess of $7 billion a year. Whether that and the funds that can realistically be expected in the future are enough to sustain even the agency's newly attenuated program is not clear. Plainly NASA has to keep flying. To see why, you need only ask yourself what the reaction would be if it were announced tomorrow that the government was canceling the space program. For military and scientific reasons, for reasons of prestige and international competitiveness — because it's there — we will continue to send men and machines into space. But there needs to be a plan, and from this distance there appears to be mainly confusion now.

More Pardons In Shin Bet Case

JERUSALEM — President Chaim Herzog, drawing what many officials here hope is the final curtain on a scandal that has threatened Israel's top internal security agency, Sunday pardoned seven more members of the Shin Bet secret service for their role in the killing of two captured Palestinian bus hijackers and a subsequent cover-up.

In June, four top-ranking Shin Bet officials, including agency chief Avraham Shalom, were granted amnesty by Herzog. Those pardons — granting immunity from prosecution for any acts connected with the slaying — were upheld by the High Court earlier this month, clearing the way for Sunday's action.

All 11 have admitted involvement in the affair, which has come to symbolize the conflict between state security needs and the rule of law in this security-conscious nation. The two suspects were reportedly beaten to death by Shalom and his subordinates after being taken alive from a hijacked bus in April 1984. Evidence reportedly was tampered with or destroyed, and Shin Bet officials allegedly concocted testimony to blame the deaths on Army officials who had turned over the suspects to the security agency chief.

Herzog cited "exceptional and extraordinary" circumstances, "state security considerations and the good of the public" for granting the pardons, and he said the new amnesties were "a direct and logical continuation" of his decision to grant the previous ones. "Justice requires" that once he had pardoned the agency's senior officials, he pardon their subordinates as well, Herzog said.

Previously, Herzog has said he did not believe the security agency could survive exposure of its operations and methods at a public trial of those accused of the killings and cover-up and that he believed such exposure would suverely damage Israel's security interests.

Prime Minister Shimon Peres has supported Herzog's stand, as has a substantial public majority, according to opinion polls that have found widespread support for the agency, whose head reports directly to the prime minister. However, Herzog on Sunday appeared to invite further public debate of the circumstances surrounding the hijackers' deaths and the pardons with an enigmatic declaration that he was "aware of

By Glenn Frankel

the difficult moral and ethical aspects connected with this affair, and I expect all the appropriate conclusions and lessons to be drawn from it."

Police officials did not comment, but they have indicated in the past that their investigation into the affair would continue despite the pardons. Legislators from both Israel's left and right wings suggested, however, that there was little point in continuing a probe when most, if not all, of its possible targets have been granted clemency in advance.

"The police do not do academic investigations, and if they cannot find guilty parties there is no point in a police investigation," said Yuval Neeman, leader of the rightist Tehiya Party.

One of the few possible targets remaining for the probe is Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, who was prime minister at the time of the hijacking incident and who is scheduled to return to the post in October under a power-sharing agreement with political rival Peres.

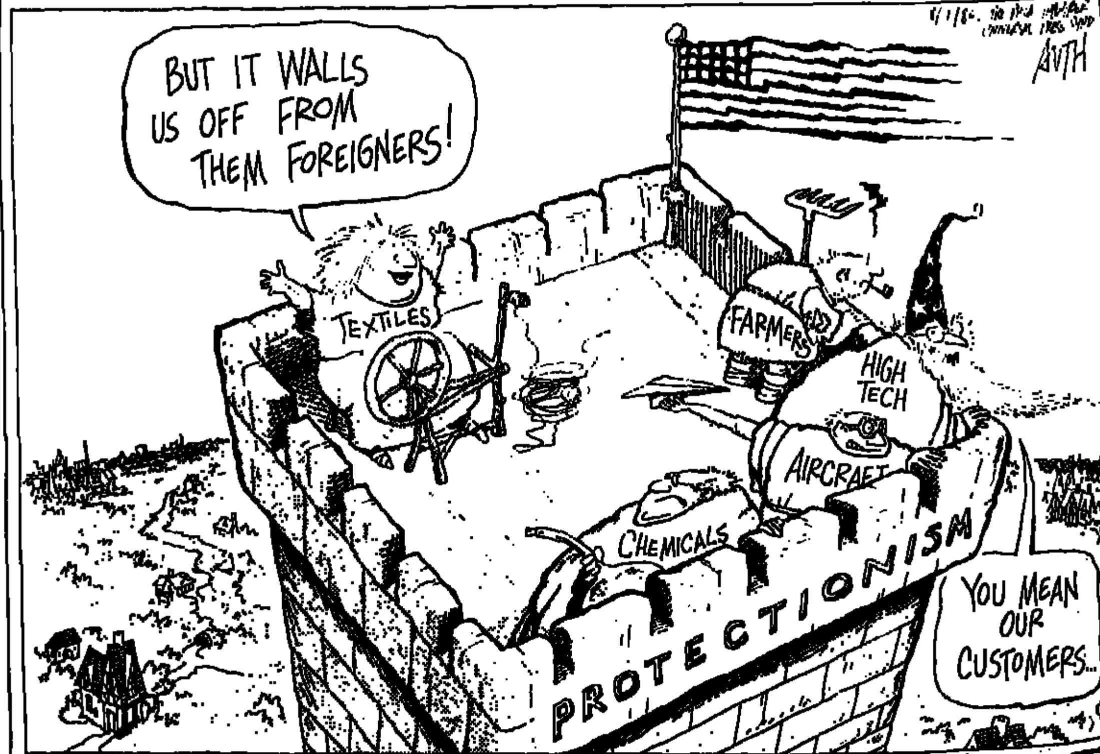
Shin Bet chief Shalom indicated in his written request for a pardon that he had authority from his civilian superiors — an apparent reference to Shamir — for a general "take no prisoners" policy when dealing with terrorist incidents. Shamir has denied such a policy existed.

The two Palestinians were captured after Army paratroopers stormed a bus filled with Israeli civilians that had been seized by four men near Ashkelon. Two of the suspects were killed during the assault, as was an Israeli passenger.

The Army first claimed that the two surviving suspects had been killed in the assault, but photographs published in violation of military censorship showed them being led away by Shin Bet men. Shalom then reportedly organized an elaborate cover-up, falsifying evidence before two government inquiries and placing the blame on Brig. Gen. Yitzhak Mordechai, who said he had beaten the two men in an effort to learn whether they had left explosives on the bus.

The cover-up unraveled late last year when Shalom's senior deputy, Reuven Hazak, and two other officials went to Peres. He backed Shalom, who forced the resignation of the three men. Shalom has since resigned as well, although he remains in his post pending the naming of a successor.

Besides receiving pardons, the Shin Bet officials have not appeared to suffer any losses from exposure of the affair. All have remained with the agency except for Shalom, whose name has been mentioned in the press as a candidate for the post of adviser to the prime minister on terrorism once Shamir returns to that office.



Frontline States To Invite Reagan

By Allister Sparks

DAR ES SALAAM — The leaders of the six black "frontline states" bordering South Africa will issue a joint invitation to President Reagan to visit the region for an urgent summit meeting with them, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, the chairman of the group, announced last week.

Kaunda, who made the announcement to mark the visit of the Rev. Jesse Jackson before the American black leader flew here on Sunday, said the purpose of the invitation was to help Reagan understand South Africa's aggressive role, which Kaunda said had brought the region to the edge of a racial "explosion." If Reagan could not come to Africa, Kaunda said, the frontline leaders would ask him to meet with them in Washington.

"The situation in southern Africa has reached boiling point," Kaunda said. "We are close to an explosion. History should not find us faulty that, realizing this, we did not go to the one man who could have done something about it."

This reflects a view widely held among black leaders here that strong U.S. sanctions could be decisive in forcing South Africa to dismantle apartheid and end white minority rule.

The request for an urgent meeting with the U.S. president comes as pressures mount in the United States and elsewhere in the West for stronger sanctions against South Africa, and after South Africa has announced retaliatory moves against black countries in the region that have joined international sanctions against it.

Kaunda said the decision to invite Reagan was made during a meeeting of frontline leaders in Luanda, Angola, last week. The invitation would be sent to Reagan in 10 to 15 days. The frontline leaders have been strongly critical of Reagan for his reluctance to apply sanctions against South Africa, and both Kaunda and Jackson have accused the American president of having an inadequate understanding of South Africa's role in the region.

Only two of the six frontline countries themselves, however, have imposed sanctions against South Africa. In Luanda Saturday, the frontline states commended Zambia and Zimbabwe for joining in sanctions adopted Aug. 4 by much of the British Commomwealth. But the others — Angola, Botswana, Mozambique and Tanzania — have not joined in the sanctions, nor have three other black neighbors of South Africa: Lesotho, Swaziland and Malawi.

Jackson has said that the U.S. policy on southern Africa is incoherent and "full of contradictions," pressuring South Africa with sanctions while cutting aid to Zimbabwe and supporting the UNITA rebels in Angola, which strengthens South Africa's ability to take counteraction.

In a joint statement the American black leader and Kaunda said the purpose of the meeting with Reagan should be to discuss a comprehensive U.S. policy for the region, which is being "strangled by the tentacles of apartheid." This policy, Jackson said, should include aid to the frontline states, a granting of most-favored-nation trade status to them, a long-term development plan and action to defend them against destabilization by South Africa. The statement also urged the United States to recognize the ANC.

Prosperity And Repression Leave Mark On South Korea

First of three articles by John Burgess

SEOUL, South Korea — 9.30 p.m. on a humid night in July, sirens wailed and within minutes, this city of 10 million inhabitants seemed to vanish.

In houses and apartments, people scurried to switch off lights and draw curtains across windows. Cars and crowded buses pulled over and cut their headlights. Layer by layer, Seoul began to disappear. Soon the blackness was complete, the silhouettes of high-rise buildings the only hint of what is now the world's fourth-largest city.

Searchlights scanned the sky. To no one's surprise, they found no bombers from communist North Korea. This was a drill, an annual gauge of readiness for war, one of the routines of life in this highly disciplined society. Twenty minutes later, Seoul quickly reappeared as people flipped light switches on cue from radio and television.

President Chun Doo Hwan observed the spectacle that night from the 60th floor of Seoul's tallest office tower. In a way, it was a study in how the former Army general has tried to run South Korea — everyone pulling together, working toward some great national goal, asking few questions, obeying orders.

South Korea's 40 million people maintain near total unity against the north, which they fought in the 1950-53 Korean War. But increasingly, western diplomats and many Korean analysts say, they are questioning why this threat should mean they must live permanently under an authoritarian, military-installed government like Chun's.

Feelings are rife today that some fundamental change — no one can say what — is at hand for the government. A clock is ticking toward a deadline, 1988, the year the critical eyes of the world will be on the country as it hosts the summer Olympics, which begin in September.

This spring, people thronged the streets of eight major cities to protest Chun's six-year-old rule. Christian leaders began speaking with new boldness, and radical students stepped up their battles with police. Spirits were buoyed by the overthrow of former Philippine president Ferdinand Marcos in February.

For the present, government and opposition have a truce while they try to negotiate an amended constitution. "If they fail," said Park Chang Hee, a political science professor at Seoul's Dankook University, "we can expect major disturbances. The government might have to impose emergency measures."

In theory, the United States is a neutral bystander. But events unfolding here are crucial to U.S. security interests, starting with the 40,000 U.S.troops based in South Korea who would be drawn instantly into any war that erupts. Politically, the United States is courted, and resented, by government and opposition alike. Both sides see the stamp of approval of the country's great military patron as one of several attributes necessary to exercise stable political power.

This series will examine the paradoxical, intensely hostile societies of North and South Korea, and how each is applying radically different means to cope with tremendous pressures for change in the 1980s.

The south is racing into 20th century industrial affluence through capitalism, while its political system remains mired in old patterns of military authoritarianism. The opposition and the government are battling over selection of a successor for Chun, who has promised to step down in 1988.

The north, arguably the world's most closed and totalitarian state, has made big economic strides through state ownership, but has fallen behind the south. While boasting of sweeping away ancient customs, it is solving its own succession problem with the communist world's first father-to-son transfer of power.

Korea, a nation-state with a history of more than 2,000 years, was divided by the allies in 1945 at the close of World War II. Americans occupied the south and Soviets the north, establishing conflicting political systems. In 1948,South Korea was born as a state as talks toward reunification broke down. The north invaded in 1950, starting a fratricidal war that razed nearly every building and prompted intervention by U.S. and Chinese forces.

A stalemate in 1953 brought an end to the shooting, but not the hatred. South Korea has remained mobilized and ready for war, with about 600,000 troops at the ready. The signs of preparation for war are everywhere. Oil storage tanks are painted in camouflage. Railyards have concrete shelters in which trains would hide from bombs. Intersections around Seoul include waist-high brick flower beds that in wartime would become gun emplacements.

Thus, the armed forces have gained bloated influence in society as a whole, reinforcing antidemocratic ideals left over from 2,000 years of Confucian autocracy and 35 years of Japanese colonial rule.

Under Confucian ideals, the state is an extension of the family, a rigid hierarchy in which people accept their stations and work together for the common good. Benevolence from above is rewarded by loyalty from below. Its influence pervades Korean society. Men and women eat separately. The language is larded with honorifics. When a political leader, government or opposition, meets with his subordinates, there is an air of a king holding court.

"In his house, a man behaves like a king," remarks Prof. Park. "When he goes outside, an immediate change is not so easy." In its 38-year history, South Korea has never managed a peaceful transition of power. It has always been by street revolt, assassination or military coup.

Today the country has the institutions of democratic government, but power centers on one man, Chun. As an Army general, he seized control in stages after the 1979 assassination of another general-turned-president, Park Chung Hee. When citizens in Kwangju city, an opposition stronghold, rose in revolt in 1980, Chun sent in troops. By official count, 191 people died. Later he quit the Army, declared himself president, then wrote a new constitution and ran for a seven-year term. To no one's surprise, he won.

By many measures, Chun should be popular. The economy is humming along, inflation is low. Health is improving, telephones are proliferating and the Olympics are coming to town. But he is not liked, something even his own officials concede. When asked what they think of the short, balding man, normally garrulous Koreans fall silent. "I can't answer that," said a Seoul office worker. "But, please think about why I can't."

Chun, at times, treats every spark of dissent as capable of setting his whole system afire. Closing a literary journal, raiding an art exhibit, questioning people who visit a labor organizing center, all are fair play in his book. Visitors to Seoul can easily gain the impression that one in 10 of the city's able-bodied men are employed as plainclothes policemen. Wearing windbreakers and jogging shoes, they loiter around subway stations, dissident offices and the headquarters of the opposition New Korea Democratic Party.

Yet, there is evidence that Chun has more vision than the average military president. Most important, he has promised to leave office voluntarily in 1988.

"His goal is to win respect in the history books," said a western diplomat. Chun is determined that the world be impressed when its eyes are cast on South Korea for the 1988 Olympics. This could be a crucial element in how he handles the oppositon, making him more reluctant to deal out force and repression as the date approaches.

Ultimately, Chun justifies all of his controls by the threat from North Korea. The opposition rejects that logic. "For more than 30 years, we've been hearing about this invasion, but it has never happened," said Kim Young Sam, a senior opposition politician. He and others suggest that authoritarian rule undermines security by sapping public morale. Democratic government, the opposition argues, would make people feel they had something to fight for. West Germany, with its stable democracy, prosperity and comparative lack of fear of East Germany, is cited.

Chun today is under fire from three groups: opposition politicians, church organizations and radical students. They work in loose alliance, not fully trusting one another, but willing to cooperate to oust the man they call a military dictator.

'In its 38-year history, South Korea has never managed a peaceful transition of power. It has always been by street revolt, assassination or military coup.'

The opposition politicians are grouped into the New Korea Democratic Party, which controls 90 of the 275 occupied seats in the National Assembly. The party is filled with gutsy men who in many cases have gone to jail for their beliefs. Early this year, the party concluded that the assembly was a dead end for its goal of ousting Chun and moved into the streets with an unprecedented national petition drive to demand a constitutional amendment for direct presidential elections. The current electoral college system is open to manipulation by the "dictatorship," they say.

They were joined by many members of the 10-million strong Christian community, which historically has been a force for social change. Protestant ministers praised the drive before their congregations. Catholic priests signed the petition en masse at Seoul's Myongdong Cathedral. South Korea's normally circumspect Catholic cardinal, Stephen Su Hwan Kim, publicly spoke out in its favor, forcing the government to sit up and listen.

Chun at first responded with arrests and suppression. Then he surprised many people by taking an unusual step back from confrontation. On April 30, he invited opposition party leaders to lunch at his heavily guarded official residence, the Blue House, and agreed to begin negotiating the change. A joint committee is now wrangling with the issue in the National Assembly and the opposition party has called off its street campaign.

The students, however, have not joined the political truce. There are close to 1 million people in South Korea's universities. Probably fewer than 10,000 take part in the ritual melees that are played out almost daily on campuses: Students call a rally, then riot police arrive in three times their numbers; one side or the other initiates violence. Police throw tear gas, students throw rocks and sometimes firebombs. Seen on American television, it looks like the country is exploding in revolution. Then the students scatter and police get back in their buses and eat box lunches. Within an hour, there is no sign of what took place.

Student activism has a lengthy pedigree in South Korea. Through the 1960s and '70s, its aim was liberal reform, "democratization." There is a key difference today: Many activists proudly declare themselves revolutionaries determined to overturn the entire order. Some listen to North Korean radio (though there is no evidence the north directs them). Several hundred, concealing their backgrounds, have taken jobs in factories to organize strikes. Three have immolated themselves in protest this year.

They began stepping up pressure in May last year, seizing buildings, sending "ideology" letters to farmers and other students and attacking police lines. Labor groups picked-up the pace, too. Radicals appear to have planned a May 3 riot in Inchon city, the most serious civil disturbance in South Korea since the Kwangju revolt of 1980. Police have responded with waves of arrests. In May last year, there were about 125 people defined by the opposition as political prisoners. Today the figure is 1,100 and growing.

The radicals also hate the United States intensely. "You can't say our nation is independent," said one activist in Seoul. Americans and Japanese are seen as exercising strangling control over the economy and government.

The party and church organizations back off from extreme ideas but do not disown those who hold them. Repression is driving honest people to violence and revolution, they say. Opposition moderates also share in some of the anti-Americanism. It is common to hear it said that when given the choice, the Americans will always support military over civilian rule.

This has not stopped the opposition from dreaming of the day when Washington will dump Chun, the way it did Marcos in the Philippines this spring. State Department papers criticizing Chun's human rights record are clandestinely circulated here. In opposition circles, meeting an American diplomat can be a stamp of legitimacy. Last month, opposition figure Kim Dae Jung scored a minor coup by getting invited to July 4th celebrations at the house of U.S. Ambassador Richard Walker.

There also is plenty of evidence that the Americans pack a strong punch at the Blue House. U.S. intercession appears to have saved Kim Dae Jung from execution on sedition charges five years ago. Last year, Walker argued against a government proposal to set up reeducation centers for radical students. It was later dropped. In general, diplomats from the drab, eight-floor embassy on Sejong Avenue counsel moderation. Suppression of dissent will only benefit the radicals, they say.

For the present, the truce is holding. But, in typical fashion, the two sides have painted themselves into opposing corners. Chun's Democratic Justice Party is proposing a cabinet form of government, with a prime minister to be selected by the National Assembly.

The opposition party, meanwhile, is crying foul. It continues to demand a system headed by a directly elected president, saying Chun's group feels it could manipulate the assembly but not a direct vote. "We need strong government to effectively control the military and to have a strong defense posture against the North Korea threat," declares Kim Dae Jung.

Whether the South Korean military would submit to that "control" remains the great unanswered question. Its generals rarely meddle in day-to-day politics, but by many accounts, they would quash any arrangement that radically altered their idea of good government. Chun continues to enjoy his former colleagues' strong support, analysts here say. It is the opposition that must watch out.

Next week: The south's "economic miracle."



White House Politics And Foreign Policy

By Theodore C. Sorensen

MORALITY, REASON AND POWER: American Diplomacy In the Carter Years, By Gaddis Smith (Hill and Wang, 296 pp, $18.95).

WAS Jimmy Carter's foreign policy a success or a failure? Certainly the list of Carter's successes set forth in this compact yet comprehensive book by historian Gaddis Smith is impressive, particularly when compared with this country's sparse record of concrete foreign policy achievements over the last five years. The Panama Canal Treaties that defused an explosive threat to hemispheric stability and unity, the signing of the SALT II Treaty and the full normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China, all concluded processes that Carter's Republican predecessors had tackled but not completed.

To that list can be added the Camp David Accords, which dramatically reduced the prospects of another Arab-Israeli war; the restoration of harmonious relations on NATO's southeast flank with Greece and Turkey; the conclusion of the Tokyo Round Trade Agreements; the construction of new and closer ties to Black Africa, including the disenfranchised majority in South Africa and the new state of Zimbabwe; the initiation of assistance to Afghanistan freedom fighters; the wholesale admission of refugees from Indochina; and the establishment of international human rights as a cardinal principle in American foreign policy. All these achievements and more are usefully and concisely set forth by Professor Smith, each in its historical context.

Yet virtually every chapter also reeks with the odor of failure.

History, the former president's defenders will maintain, will render a softer verdict, once political passions have subsided and Carter's deeds can be measured against the tests of time and his successors. But what is "history" if not the careful weighing and winnowing of conflicting claims by objective professionals? Drawing upon the published memoirs of key participants as well as extensive public information, Yale's distinguished professor of diplomatic history has taken a "first cut" at his profession's ultimate judgment on the Carter foreign policy; and he has entitled his concluding chapter: "Reflections: Why Carter Failed."

Why indeed? "Inexperienced Georgians staffing the White House," the usual scapegoats targeted by Carter's critics, did not significantly shape foreign policy. On the contrary, Carter's appointees at State, Defense, CIA, the National Security Council, the United Nations, the Arms Control Agency and elsewhere, including his ambassadors abroad, were men and women of remarkably high talent and strong convictions. Indeed, it was the very strength of those convictions — particularly the clashing convictions of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski — that, in Professor Smith's view, did more than anything else to undermine Carter's foreign policy.

Vance, the cautious establishmentarian, negotiator and troubleshooter, who emphasized reason and persistence in the alleviation of world problems, is identified here with the "primacy of principle." Brzezinski, the impatient Polish-born intellectual, "close to contemptuous of Vance" and the soft "elite" he represented, who emphasized military superiority and solutions, is identified here with the "primacy of power." As Brzezinski became a highly visible spokesman for the administration on many issues, Vance stuck by his belief that only the president and secretary of state should speak for the nation on foreign policy. Their contrasting philosophies, writes Professor Smith, "crippled" the administration and "affected every major policy and decision," particularly U.S.-Soviet relations, arms control, China, Africa and Iran.


Drawing by Gary Viscupic for the Washington Post

With each passing year, the conflict between them — submerged in the 1976 campaign — widened. When Vance finally resigned in 1980, his disagreement over the Iran rescue mission was only the last straw, according to Smith. His book is open in its admiration for the former seretary, but barely conceals his disdain for his fellow academic.

But to place all blame on the national security adviser for an administration's failures abroad is to blame the concertmaster for the symphony orchestra's dissonance. Although Brzezinski's role was crucial, the Carter administration's hopes for success were also hampered by a more assertive and skeptical post-Vietnam Congress, press, and opposition party, and by an intransigent Soviet Union mired in the suspicions of its aging and ailing chief. More important, the person most responsible for the foreign policy reverses of Jimmy Carter was not Zbigniew Brzezinski or Ronald Reagan or Leonid Brezhnev but Jimmy Carter.

Having sought the presidency, writes Smith, with no significant foreign policy experience or goals other than a "philosophy of repentance" (that apparently appealed to liberal guilt over Vietnam), the former Georgia governor took office with no guide for the future other than his call for "a foreign policy that reflects the decency and generosity and common sense of our own people" (wonderful, whatever it means!). Having campaigned against Washington, he failed to build a personal following in Congress that would back him in times of trouble. Having prided himself on his quick study of individual issues, he failed to discern the seamless web connecting China policy to his Soviet policy, troops in Korea to trade with Japan, the MX to SALT, Iran to domestic energy prices, the neutron bomb to NATO.

True, the remarkable streak of Carter good luck that had nominated and elected him president deserted him in places like Iran. But, as Professor Smith succinctly notes with regard to that crisis, Carter "inherited an impossible situation — and he and his advisers made the worst of it."

Smith criticizes Carter's penchant for tackling all issues with overstatement: describing Iran under "the great leadership of the Shah" as "an island of stability" because of "the respect and admiration and love which your people give you" (shades of George Bush saluting Ferdinand Marcos! Can't someone screen these diplomatic toasts?); describing the SALT II Treaty in glowing terms that its modest contents could not live up to; describing the energy crisis as "the moral equivalent of war . . . the greatest challenge that our country will face during our lifetime"; describing the public "malaise" (that he had engendered himself) as a "crisis in spirit . . . at a turning point in history," and describing the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as having changed his "opinion of the Russians . . . more dramatically in the last week than over the previous two and one-half years."

But Carter was neither the first nor the last president to employ exaggerated rhetoric. A much greater failing, as the gulf between his advisers widened, was his inability, in Smith's words, "to gain agreement within the Executive Branch" on key issues. But that's what presidents are for — to decide, to choose, and to use either power or persuasion to bring dissenting appointees into line. Carter "saw Vance and Brzezinski as balancing each other," writes Smith; but, initially too inexperienced in foreign affairs to choose between their conflicting recommendations, he tried to ride both horses simultaneously, even when they were galloping off in different directions.

The result was constant delay — fatal in the case of SALT II's prospects for ratification — a reputation for ineptitude and ineffectiveness, an appearance of weak and indecisive leadership, and a series of flawed or half-way measures, including draft registration without a draft, an MX missile without a basing system, a Rapid Deployment Force that was neither rapid nor deployed, a secret Iranian rescue mission too small to succeed and too large to be kept secret, an embarrassingly mistaken crisis about a Soviet "brigade" in Cuba, another about an "invasion" in North Yemen, and and embargo on grain sales that penalized more American farmers than Soviets.

To be sure, all presidents compromise on their original goals. Some manage to look flexible or creative in doing so. When Carter compromised, he looked weak.

Struggling to overcome this politically fatal public perception in the year of his renomination and re-election campaign, Carter in 1980 permitted the total eclipse of Vance by Brzezinski and moved so completely to an anti-Soviet, pro-military stance, according to Smith, that it subordinated all his original priorities: human rights, nuclear non-proliferation, restrictions on covert operations and arms sales, and attention to Third World economic, social and political injustice. He backed away from a nuclear test ban treaty and asked the Senate to suspend consideration of the SALT II Treaty.

The results merely added an appearance of inconsistency to that of ineffectiveness. It was too late for Carter to embrace the militant nationalism he had initially deplored — the "hawks" would not believe him and the "doves" would not support him. "Ronald Reagan," concludes Professor Smith, "made the same appeal more convincingly and thereby brought the Carter Administration to its end."

Like many of the political judgments in this book, that conclusion is a little too pat. Although this nation's anger over the hostages in Iran contributed mightily to its sense of a powerless president, public concern over runaway inflation, interest rates and budget deficits switched far more voters than Ronald Reagan's confrontational foreign policy rhetoric or Jimmy Carter's frustrating foreign policy failures. But presidents and their advisers for years to come would do well to examine the unraveling of the Carter administration's enormous potential for success in foreign affairs; and Gaddis Smith's book will be an immensely useful guide to their study.

Theodore C. Sorensen, former counsel to President John F. Kennedy, practices law in New York City.

New Design Selected For Shuttle Boosters

By Kathy Sawyer

NASA engineers have selected a new booster-rocket design that includes a third O-ring seal, increased insulation, heaters and other features intended to prevent recurrence of the Challenger disaster.

"We are well on our way to accomplishing a good, safe redesign," said John Thomas, manager of the redesign team at Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala. "We've taken every step to understand what happened on Challenger and to preclude that from happening again."

The new design, one of several on the NASA drawing board before the Challenger tragedy Jan. 28, still must survive a gauntlet of tests and analyses, and the composition of the O-ring seals and insulation has not been decided, he said.

If the design proves effective, shuttle flights could resume by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's target of the first quarter of 1988.

Engineers are "carrying several contingency designs along in parallel" in case the primary design fails, Thomas noted.

If no problems develop, engineers will begin conducting this fall hundreds of tests on scale-model components and several hot-fire tests using full-size rocket segments incorporating the new design.

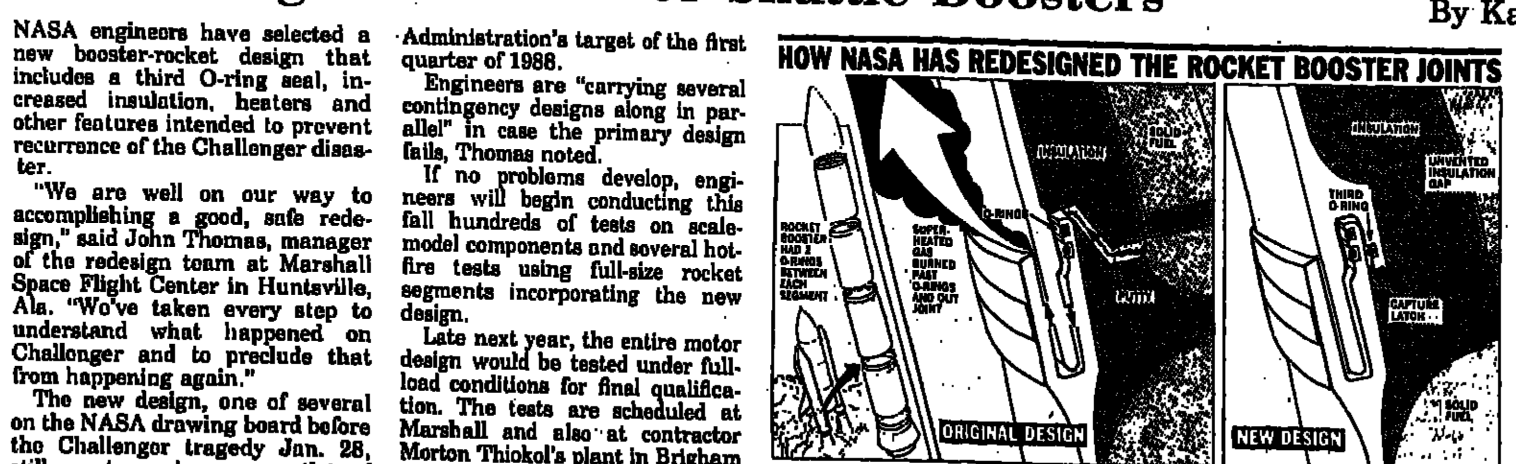
Late next year, the entire motor design would be tested under full-load conditions for final qualification. The tests are scheduled at Marshall and also at contractor Morton Thiokol's plant in Brigham City, Utah.

Several key questions about the nature of the planned tests are unresolved, Thomas said. If past test procedures are generally adopted, the redesign cost is estimated at about $300 million.

The design changes permit NASA to use existing solid-rocket motor segments and would add only about 1,200 pounds to a shuttle's weight, he said.

A presidential commission concluded that the booster joints were poorly designed and that an O-ring seal in one was stiffened by unusually cold weather and failed, allowing a plume of white-hot flame to escape.

That ignited a fireball that led to Challenger's destruction and resulted in the deaths of seven crew members.



Drawing by Johnstone Quinan

In the original design, two rubbery O-rings were to seal each tongue-and-groove-like joint of the segmented rocket. The new design, besides adding a third O-ring and more elaborate insulating putty, includes a "capture feature," or clamp, designed to lock the metal joint members together and stabilize the O-ring gap under "worst-case" conditions, Thomas said.

New materials would be used in the O-rings to make them more resilient and less susceptible to temperature variations, he said, and small heaters and weather seals are to be mounted on each booster joint.

The new booster would perform in temperatures as low as 31 degrees Fahrenheit. When Challenger lifted off, the temperature at the Cape Canaveral launch site was 36 degrees, 15 degrees colder than any previous shuttle launch.

World chess the sport for participants

By Waldemar Januszczak

THE official view of the World Chess Championship is that it is a contest over 24 games between two mighty Russians. This is nonsense. In fact, the championship is not one contest but a million, lasting not 24 games but some colossal number approaching infinity, and involving not only Kasparov and Karpov but thousands of attendant competitors endlessly playing and replaying, scratching and sweating, dissecting zillions of options. Chess is probably the only game in the world that cannot attract a single spectator — they are all participants.

And so the first-time visitor to the Park Lane Hotel, where the billions of world championship contests have been taking place over the past fortnight, is surprised first of all by how little actually happens in the fine old art-deco ballroom billed as the epicentre of the struggle. Here, in a tiny clearing among the advertising slogans, Gary Kasparov and Anatoly Karpov sit hunched over their private board, perpetually nodding, like two dogs in a car's rear window.

Kasparov is everyone's favourite. The miracle of geography which ensured that he was christened Gary and not Boris or Anatoly or Viktor has put him on first-name terms with the entire English-speaking chess world.

Gary's great talent is an ability to concentrate passionately on the chess board from any angle. From the moment he bounds on to the stage, a full three minutes ahead of Karpov, to the grudging shrug with which he finally agrees to an adjournment to Game 10, 5¼ hours later, his eyes do not leave the board. Even when he slips out through some black curtains to haunt the backstage, Kasparov, you know, is watching.

Confronted by this kind of terrifying keenness from his opponent, Anatoly Karpov not unnaturally affects exactly the opposite air, a marvellously patronising nonchalance. Some time after Kasparov launches into the game's opening Queen's Gambit Declined, Karpov grudgingly takes his eyes off a fascinating area of ballroom wall, yawns, and looks down on the board to see what has happened.

Where Kasparov plays badminton to relax, Karpov scythes. This I learn from his curious autobiography — Chess is My Life — on sale in all the championship bookstalls. The book is full of photographs of Anatoly holidaying in Lithuania, riding a horse, fishing, and striding through fields of Lithuanian corn with his scythe over is shoulder in the manner popularised by Old Father Time.

Even when he is fishing, Karpov exudes an air of raw cunning and natural malice. The terrier-keen Kasparov will probably go on to win this world championship. But I know whom I would rather have on my side in a knife-fight.

The main function of the champion and the challenger conducting their private contest on the ballroom stage is to make the occasional move. This happens extremely infrequently, but when it does it triggers an amazing chain reaction. Instantaneously the move is relayed to everyone else in the game by thousands of television sets scattered around the hotel. In bars, conference rooms, press offices, lobbies, TV lounges, commentary positions, bookstalls, overspill seating arenas, discussion chambers, chess lounges, and men's rooms, the other players immediately begin to work through the zillions of new options that have opened to them.

Down in the bowels of the hotel, in a room which appears to be continuously pumped full of fresh, stale cigarette smoke, a huddle of grand masters conducts the deepest analysis of the situation. This is usually done in a thick foreign accent. "Vot about developing ze bishop!!?"

"Developing ze bishop???! . . . Nooaah!!" responds the pack of chess knights gathered around a round table. "It eez dangerous. Vot black is not looking for is a blocked pawn structure!"

The curious thing about grand masters — at least the Anglo-Saxon ones — is that they all look exactly the same. Whether their name is Jonathan Mestel or Jonathan Speelman or Ian Rogers, they all have shoulder length hair, beards, and thick glasses. The beards are for stroking in contemplation and the glasses are extra-thick to see through the clouds of evil-smelling Turkish cigarette smoke generated by the foreign grand masters.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the main commentary room, that rarest of chess-world inhabitants, an Australian grand master, leads several hundred enthusiasts through a televised post-mortem of every move. Many have brought their own sandwiches. Several have binoculars trained on the distant television sets. On every lap sits the ubiquitous pocket chess-set with which we all conduct our own defences of the title. Nowhere is world championship chess revealed more clearly as a sport entirely for participants than in the hot, crowded, buzzing gladiatorial arena of the commentary room.

In every hotel clearing large enough to accommodate two or more chess players and a television set, computers compute, screens screen, options are opted for or oppugned. "It's a funny opening because black has to do something . . ." struggles the Australian grand master. "By the end of the night they'll know whether it's a win or a draw." Almost unbelievably he turns out to be wrong.

After the battle has "raged" for one hour and 40 minutes, 16 moves have been made. An American international master broadcasts the opinion that the evening has a good chance of finishing early in a draw — Karpov's end game is too strong, Kasparov's advantage too slight.

Three hours 20 minutes later, champion, challenger, and the rest of us are still locked in nodding battle. Finally we all agree to an adjournment.

The world champion and the leading challenger certainly get more elbow room than anyone else in the game — and the best seats. But by 10 o'clock Kasparov and Karpov look like the rest of us, grey, crumpled, and slightly see-through, as if they had been watching non-stop television for a week.

Kasparov and Karpov will find time to wash and change their clothes before returning to the fray. Most of the other competitors at the Park Lane Hotel appear to have slept in the same clothes since the 24-match series began. When the world championships are on, the wise chess player knows better than to take his shoes off in company.

Good time of year for a coup

By Geoffrey Taylor

IT MUST have occurred to other people also that August is the ideal month to mount a coup d'etat. It is nearly 300 years since we had one, and even then it is uncertain that coup was the right description. Apart from the brief Cromwellian interlude, the practice of mounting coups has fallen into disuse since the Tudors left the scene. In their day attempted coups were almost a monthly occurrence.

A modern coup would not need to subvert, certainly not bring bodily harm to, the monarch. It would not hand over the throne to any of the regiment of Hanoverian, Spanish, or Scandinavian princelings who might lay claim to it from one or other side of the blanket. It does so happen that the Queen is at Balmoral and thus off-stage, but the tanks on the palace lawns would serve a purely symbolic purpose and would pose no threat to Her Majesty's wellbeing.

The coup would not even be directed against the Queen's ministers. I imagine it would be directed against the general state of affairs or against politics as such. It would do peremptorily what the Alliance parties say they want to do by slower means. It might fail, of course. Many attempted coups do, if you look around. But it would be an instructive occasion all the same and would serve as a dress rehearsal in case we ever really need one.

The subject is raised by the combination of a short debate in the Lords before they began their belated recess and the 285th renewal of the Northern Ireland marching stakes. The Lords were considering a proposal that in 1988 a parliamentary occasion should mark the 300th anniversary of the Glorious Revolution in which William of Orange supplanted James II. I am sure that many of us, if we had been around at the time, would have thrown in our lot with William against his "impatient, bigoted, vain and haughty" father-in-law (I quote the historian Maurice Ashley), though without realising that 300 years later the Orangement of Ulster would still refuse to let the matter rest.

In the event, the Lords were not enthusiastic about celebrating King William III's accession. Lord Grimond said it was a coup d'etat carried out by treachery. Lord Glenamara called it "a pretty squalid affair". But then they would, wouldn't they? Their 17th-century predecessors, though acquiescent, were much less keen on the change of regime than the Commons because it established the right of the Commons to determine the succession.

With all respect to Lord Grimond, the insertion of King William into British history was too gradual a process to be called a coup. He and his wife Mary were around for months before it was decided to have them as monarchs. Indeed, from William's point of view the whole proceeding had as much to do with his hatred of Louis XIV of France as it did with wrenching a Protestant Britain from the hands of a Catholic king.

The sort of coup I put forward for discussion would have to happen overnight. It would be an essentially English affair. The first indication would come when the Today programme went off the air. It would be replaced not by martial music but by Delius and Vaughan Williams. The theme tune of the revolution would be Butterworth's "The banks of green willow".

For consider. The Prime Minister is normally (though not, perversely, this year) abroad in August. Lord Whitelaw is shooting grouse (though this year, perversely, there aren't any). He would, in any case, take a coup in his stride and would point out that nothing unprecedented had happened and that given goodwill on all sides the more unfortunate consequences could undoubtedly be mitigated.

The main people to fear would be the Opposition, who would wish to capitalise on so seminal a national occasion. But Mr Kinnock is in Corfu. Mr Hattersley, being everywhere, cannot be said to be uniquely in any particular place and occupies a position in the nation's life like that of the spirit which moveth upon the waters.

Mr Kauffman has already used up the entire political vocabulary in denouncing lesser events. Mr David Steel would say that he had made his position perfectly clear.

More important are the political commentators, whose duty it is to arbitrate on such matters and tell the nation what to think. Most of them too are overseas. After the coup they would not be allowed back until they had signed an oath of allegiance. For the sake of continuity with 1689 it would be called the Evolution Act.

William's later excursion to Ireland was mainly for his French purposes, Britain still being something of a sideshow. When he and James finally came to blows at the Battle of the Boyne he was advised by his military commander, the Duke of Schomberg, to carry out a flank attack three miles upstream of where the opposing forces were mustered. William rejected this advice and forded the river where they were. The reason suggested for this more hazardous course is that the alternative would have severed the Jacobite retreat to Dublin and William would have had the embarrassment of capturing his father-in-law as a prisoner of war.

Any coup in which I might play a part would have to observe similar courtesies. There would be no place for any rough stuff. Indeed, this is perhaps the occasion to make one's intentions clear.

One has no personal ambitions in this matter. One need not go so far as to say, in the classic American disavowal, that if nominated one will not stand and if elected one will not serve. If called upon one will, of course, do whatever the country requires. The new regime will, in effect, be a government of national renewal, like they have in Burkina Fasso. Certain economic and social measures will be required and will be placed in the hands of colleagues, all of whom will assume the rank of brigadier.

After land reforms have been carried out, free elections will be held within five years. At least that is the present intention. One cannot, of course, be bound in advance to an inflexible programme when unforeseeable circumstances may arise. As I think William said to Mary in the Orangery, we shall have to play it by ear.

EEC aids war on locusts

By Alex Scott in Brussels

THE EEC is to finance a crash programme to fight the plague of locusts threatening crops in West Africa. Emergency aid worth £1·3 million is to be spent on pesticide to kill the locust eggs, as well as to help pay for airborne operations covering one million hectares of land in eight countries of the Sahel region.

These operations are to be carried out during the first two weeks of September, when the eggs are ready to hatch, and will involve 24 aircraft and helicopters already supplied or hired on the spot by EEC countries, together with the US, Canada, Norway, and other donor countries.

A top development official, Mr Andre Auciert, said similar pesticide spraying was carried out in Sudan in June, and the situation in Ethiopia was not yet dangerous, although the Commission has ordered its delegate there to ensure that pesticides supplied earlier by the EEC should be made ready for use should the need arise. This would not be possible in southern Sudan, the official explained, because of the uncertainty regarding flights over rebel-controlled territory.

Is a motor mower a vehicle?

By Martin Wainwright

THE midnight antics of a drunken riding instructor mounted on a lawnmower may have brought chaos to a quiet Somerset village, but they cheered up a magistrates' court last week.

The usual litany of parking offences for the Glastonbury bench was interrupted by the dramatic charges against Mrs Lorna Dowson, aged 35, of Millcorft House, Alhampton; that she drove a motor vehicle, namely a lawnmower, with excess alcohol while disqualified and without insurance.

PC Gordon Slade described how he was getting into bed at his home in Neville Park, Baltonsborough, when the roar of small but powerful cylinders echoed round the cul-de-sac.

Or, as he put it: "My attention was drawn to the sound of an engine running outside my home. There was the sound of people laughing and in a merry mood."

Running out in his slippers, PC Slade found Mrs Dowson and three friends, all drunk, who had mowed a mile through the village to call on a friend in Neville Park and round off Mrs Dowson's birthday celebrations.

"I noticed that there were tyre marks across the lawn of the bungalow opposite my house," said PC Slade. "Further investigations showed that two small fruit trees had been knocked over."

Mrs Dowson, who was unable to stop the four-wheeled mower and trailer as PC Slade ran alongside urging her to, told the court: "I should say we were all drunk."

Her brother-in-law, Mr Richard Baker-Hyland, who was sitting on a straw bale in the trailer when PC Slade appeared, explained: "It seemed a fun thing to do at the time to go and see my colleague, Mr Vic Arley."

The court's chairman, Mrs Betty Boyd, gave no opinion on this but agreed with Mrs Dowson's solicitor, Mr Patrick Butler, when he argued: "The case hinges on whether or not a garden mower is a motor vehicle intended or adapted for use on the road. Its mere presence on the road does not make it a motor vehicle."

The bench, she said, was not satisfied beyond all reasonable doubt that the mower was a motor vehicle within the meaning of the Road Traffic Act. The case was therefore not proven. Mrs Dowson said afterwards: "I am delighted, but have no further comment to make."

Ralph Whitlock

Timeless harvest



AFTER writing about Silbury Hill a few weeks ago I found myself trying to imagine what life was like for those distant ancestors of ours, five thousand years ago. Can we enter into the thoughts of people so remote from us in time and culture?

It is harvest. At Lammas-tide the tribe has witnessed the annual miracle of the hill which is the Great Earth Goddess giving birth to the full moon. At the critical moment a priest with a sharp, flint-edged sickle has cut the first stalks of grain growing in the sacred plot on the crown of the hill. Now is the time to gather the harvest before autumn storms take their toll.

In 1986 the combine harvesters are trundling across the extensive arable fields of the Wiltshire countryside around Silbury. The weather is, to use a descriptive Wessex word, "caddling" . . . too many showers to allow the grain to dry properly. That does not worry the modern farmer. When it rains the combine ceases work, but as soon as the sun shines again it resumes. If the grain is damp, no matter. Back at base is a grain-drier which will quickly reduce the moisture content to an acceptable 15 per cent. The combine-harvesters and the tractors and trailers which serve them, collecting loads of grain and carting them back to the barns, are the only evidence of activity in these spacious harvest fields.

It would have been far different five thousand years ago. Then the fields would have been filled with people. The entire tribe would have been there, from small children gleaning stray ears or chasing off rooks and pigeons to old men who could still turn and spread a sheaf to catch the sunbeams. What they knew beyond question was that this, for them, was the climax of the year and upon winning a successful harvest depended whether they would eat well or go hungry during the coming winter.

What other differences would the combine-harvester driver notice if he could observe the local people harvesting those same fields five thousand years ago? They would, of course, be using sickles with blades of sharp-edged flints, but the technique of tying sheaves with straw bonds was doubtless known as far back as that. He would have been surprised at the comparative youthfulness of the company. Archaeologists have worked out that when Stonehenge and Avebury were built 50 per cent of the people were aged less than twenty years, 48 per cent less than forty years, and only two per cent more than forty!

One thing which would not have been immediately obvious to him but which would have gradually emerged if he were able to converse with them, was that they were entirely illiterate. The first form of picture-writing is thought to have originated in ancient Sumeria about the time that Silbury was being built, but certainly it did not find its way to Britain until several thousand years later. Some authorities think the Silbury people may have been innumerate, too, though they may well have carved notches in a tree branch to record phases of the moon.

But as I thought about those distant people, babbling away in a strange tongue and discussing the progress of the harvest, I realised that the gap between them and myself was not as great as between me and the driver of the combine harvester.

The harvests of the 1920s are still clear in my memory. In the weeks before we started cutting the grain the local farmers toured the village, enlisting the aid of every able-bodied male and the occasional female. The schoolmaster, the postman, the thatcher, the vicar, the local artist — everybody was roped in. After all, it needed a team of seven, as well as a boy to lead the horses, for carting the sheaves and rick-building, and usually another team was at work cutting the grain and stacking the sheaves in stocks.

Mothers with small children pushed push-chairs, which the children shared with cans of hot tea and sandwiches, to the harvest fields. Although by that date the entire dependence of the community on the harvest had been mitigated, for there were now shops where provisions could be purchased, the old traditions still prevailed.

From Lammas-tide onwards for about six weeks the calendar was forgotten. As secretary of our village cricket club I knew it was futile to arrange any fixtures after the end of July. August was virtually a non-existent month. And we might just as well have been as illiterate as the peasants of Silbury. Even if daily papers had been obtainable we would have had no time to read them and no interest in them. Farmers ceased to go to market. We had, of course, no telephone and no wireless. It wasn't that we were cut off from the outside world, it was simply that the outside world had ceased to matter to us.

I remember harvests in the 1920s and 1930s and the 1940s, too, though by the 1940s the world was beginning to impinge on our way of life. But I cannot give a date to any harvest. Harvest was an experience to be engaged in and savoured.

I remember cutting barley fields from which blue butterflies, many of them now rare, emerged in clouds. I remember hordes of rabbits escaping from the same fields. I remember stooking a field of sheaves, then after rain throwing them out again to dry, then, after yet more rain, cutting the bonds and carting the grain and straw loose. I remember building big wheat ricks and enjoying picnic meals with our backs against their walls. But I couldn't put a date to any one of those experiences. They are just details in one eternal, timeless harvest.

The more I think about it, the more I realise that we came near to bridging the gap between us and the illiterate cultures of primitive Britain. Those young people harvesting their crops around the hill had no records to feed their memory. Some of them might recall some dramatic event during last harvest, or was it the harvest before?

Whenever it was, the memory would soon fade. But harvest was timeless. It was a natural phenomenon that always came round at the appointed time. It was hardly a feature of either Past or Future; it was the eternal Present.

Driven to despair

THERE was nothing special about Sukardal, until he died. He was just one of the 18,000 men in Bandung who pedal becaks, the bicycle rickshaws that are such a feature of life in Indonesian cities.

Sukardal was 51, a widower for three years. When his eldest daughter Yani married soon after his wife's death his two youngest children went to live with relatives in Majalenka, 200 kilometres away.

From his daily income of 3,000 Rupiahs — less than two pounds — he fed and clothed himself, sent money to his children, and repaid the loan on his becak. Most drivers rent theirs, for 300 rupiahs a day, but Sukardal wanted independence.

He ate mainly at a roadside rice stall owned by a widow called Ma Cicih. She is the only independent witness to the events leading up to his death. Ma Cicih told me her story in Sundanese, the local language of West Java.

At the end of June, she said, Sukardal told her he had finally paid the last instalment of the 45,000 Rupiahs (about £30) he had borrowed to buy his becak. It had taken him a year. A week later he was caught by the city police at night without lights in an area prohibited to becaks. The city police attempted to confiscate his becak. Normally he would have handed over the 5,000 Rupiahs which is the going rate to bribe the Bandung police to look the other way. But it had been a thin day: he didn't have 5,000 Rupiahs on him.

So the city police went to lift the becak into their lorry. Sukardal clung to it, but he weakened and let go. Then they tried to get him into the lorry too; but he fought them off. In falling he kicked one of the policemen — by accident, according to Ma Cicih.

The way she tells it, the policeman kicked Sukardal in the chest as he lay on the ground, then four of them left the lorry and threw him into a ditch. He got up slowly, she said, holding on to a policeman's leg. The policeman, too, fell down, knocking over Ma Cicah as he did. Then they threw him into the lorry.

But Sukardal was desperate. He struggled free and got out. Ma Cicih shouted at the police to leave the becak. They told her not to interfere. Sukardal, meanwhile,

Peter Hiett in Jakarta on the suicide that mirrors a country's ills

was clinging to the side of the lorry. He shouted that if his becak was confiscated, he would kill himself.

For a second time, Ma Cicih called on the police to leave the becak. She says she heard a voice say "Alright, put one down." At the same moment, she thinks, Sukardal must have fainted. In any case, he fell away from the lorry. It immediately sped off, leaving behind four policemen but no becak. They carried him to the roadside and propped him by a tree next to Ma Cicih's stall, before running after their lorry.

When Sukardal came to, Ma Cicih says, he asked her for a pen and some paper. He gave one letter to her, saying that if his daughter Yani wanted to find him, the answer was in this letter. Another piece of paper he put in his pocket. "I will die," he said, "and tomorrow the policeman will die too."

Early next morning street boys came to Ma Cicih's house. Sukardal had hanged himself, they said, outside a retired general's house, with a note round his neck saying in part "the city police are uncivilised . . . I die because of the police dog." The full contents of the note are not known. The police confiscated it.

Yani lives in a three-room slum with seven other people. She describes her father as silent, well-behaved, but with many friends, particularly other becak-drivers.

She says that driving a becak was all he could do.

For days after his death, other becak-drivers visited his grave. A local newspaper opened a subscription for his children, and matched the public's donation with an equal amount. Even the city administration chipped in.

The case was reported with feeling in Indonesia's newspapers then suddenly dropped. Journalists say they were instructed by the security authorities in Jakarta not to write about it any more. They also say the policeman who kicked Sukardal was charged with manslaughter but the case was dropped.

The city authorities are still extraordinarily sensitive. I arranged to see the mayor and the chief of the city police, but the mayor declined to keep the appointment. The chief of police said he could not comment without the mayor's permission.

Sukardal was typical of the urban Indonesian: dirt-poor, hard-working, intensely loyal to his family. When the authorities drove him to despair, he turned his violence against himself. Another time, they know, it may be turned against them.

Spoilt for choice

Jill Tweedie

WHEN I first went to Canada, someone told me of a recent immigrant from Hungary who knew the English words for only one meal. Every day for three weeks he went into the local diner and gave his order: "Spaghetti, apple pie." Then, up to here with spaghetti, apple pie, a friend taught him another combination. Next day he gave his new order: "Toasted cheese, waffle."

"Canadian, English, Scotch, Irish?" the waitress asked. "White, rye, pumpernickel, granary, wholewheat? Pickle, gherkin, mayonnaise, mustard, lettuce, tomato, bacon? Ice-cream, honey, syrup, molasses? Huh? *Huh?*"

The poor guy shrugged, defeated. "Spaghetti, apple pie," he said.

I felt a deep compassion for that man. Still do. Choice is the silver lining of the consumer society but for certain afflicted persons such as myself, it is the cloud. In theory, I expect choice, am glad of it. In practice it lays me low, like some mysterious Victorian wasting sickness. Five minutes of exposure to choice in any shop is all I can take. After that, my eyes begin to water, my head pounds, the palms of my hands grow damp, phantom fingers tighten around my throat and, gibbering, I gallop out, my basket shamefully unfilled.

Sometimes, worse things happen. Sometimes I fall under a terrible spell that holds me immobile in front of the shelves, able only to stare at the hundreds of tins or sheets or skirts while time ticks away and the grave looms. Or I drift about like a sleepwalker, jaw slack, arms hanging, picking up things and putting them down, my mind a vast blank, my shopping list unticked, while all around me other more talented shoppers are choosing, deciding, paying and going.

How do they do it? What weights do they put on what scales to tip them into purchase? Why the blue and not the black, the flowers and not the stripes, the pineapple chunks and not the slices, this department and not that, this shop and not the next?

Last year, after a particularly unsavoury episode in New York which involved setting out one morning to spend ten minutes buying a pair of black shoes, seeing one thousand pairs of black shoes (leather, kid, patent, brocade, embroidered, stitched, quilted, square-toed winkle-toed, open-toed, high-backed, sling-backed, no-backed, flat, stacked, stilettoed) and returning at twilight shoeless, very nearly footless and completely crazed, I tried to come to terms with my handicap. I stopped shopping in cities, where the strain of choice is unremitting, and only allowed myself into the stores of the more compact towns I happened to be passing, like Canterbury, Stamford, Durham, York, Chester, where they only had forty of everything and I had some chance of a purchase before the moon came out.

Then I arrived here, in the deep countryside. No shops or few and small and far. You'd think I'd have wallowed in this new-found freedom. Not at all; the habit of having a choice, as opposed to making one, was too ingrained. I began to spend hours driving to the nearest small town, convinced that though I couldn't buy anything if I had too much choice, I couldn't buy anything either if I had too little.

I mean, you had to compare, didn't you? You had to do a bit of shopping about. Otherwise you might make a *bad buy*, in the not-quite-right-shade, in the not-fully-guaranteed brand, at not the right price and go straight to hell. Where Satan would sneer, as he turned you on the spit: "Could have bought the family-size marked down by 50p if you'd kept those vouchers and bothered to cross the road. Sizzle then, you sinner. Fry!"

But two days ago I was saved. Setting out on a 30-mile journey to buy a nightdress, I stopped in a nearby village to get petrol and saw a little draper's shop. On impulse, I went in.

"Do you happen to have any nightdresses?" I heard myself asking.

The woman behind the counter nodded. She put a ladder against some shelves, clambered up, withdrew a box, clambered down and put it in front of me. On its lid was written "Nightdress." She opened the box and took it out.

I looked at it. After a moment I said: "Is this the only one?"

"It is," the woman said.

"No other colours?"

"None."

"No other pattern?"

"No."

"What about size?"

"It's a nightdress," she said, mildly astonished. "Fits all sizes."

I thought of all the nightdresses in all the shops in all the towns, the blue, pink, black, white nightdresses cut low and high, with lace and spots and flowers, of cotton and silk and satin and polyester mixes, elegant, modest, haughty, baby doll, for the slim, the small, the large, the tall.

"I'll have it," I said.

The nightdress is undistinguished. It has a round neck, long sleeves, an uneven hem, a lot of peculiar squiggles in a rather nasty blue and I love it. It cost me nothing in time or energy or worry or thought and when I put it on I wasn't richer or poorer, happier or unhappier, less loved or more, better at my job or worse, nearer to God or further. I was me in a room in a nightie. Oh, bliss.

"How're they going to keep me down in Paree.

Now that I've seen the farm?"

Salzburg is bewitched

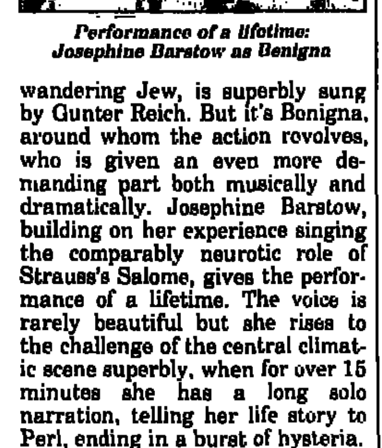
FEW new operas pack such a powerful and immediate punch as the latest from Krzystof Penderecki, The Black Mask, commissioned for this year's Salzburg Festival and given to its world premiere at the Kleines Festspielhaus.

Over the years no composer with avant-garde pretensions has been so shrewd as Penderecki at suiting his music to his audience. Adventuring within fine limits you keep the results entertaining to a wide audience. Remembering his successes in Salzburg in the past, he has produced — in close collaboration with the stage producer Harry Kupfer — what the programme note describes as a psycho-thriller, a single 100-minute act that batters the listener into submission with no let-up.

Rarely since the days of Puccini's Tosca or Strauss's Elektra and Salome have shock tactics been so shamelessly used, even if the idiom is unlikely to upset anyone who has progressed as far as Shostakovich. The piece is pointfully thematic, with a main theme like the opening of Tosca militarised, frequently harking back to the big dramatic gestures of such early Penderecki works as the St Luke Passion.

Commissioned by the Festival four years ago, the composer toyed with such opera subjects as Strindberg's Miss Julie and even — what a thought for Mozart's birthplace — Peter Shaffer's Amadeus. It is a wonder no one suggested an operatic version of that other Salzburg special, The Sound of Music.

In the end Penderecki chose the little-known play by the German dramatist Gerhart Hauptmann, and together with Kupfer simply snipped it discreetly to make a libretto, removing the heavy historical and philosophical discussions and building up the role of the one survivor of the seedy pack of 13 characters, Lowel Perl, an Amsterdam merchant and in effect the wandering Jew.



Performance of a lifetime: Josephine Barstow as Benigna



OPERA: Edward Greenfield on a triumphant new production

The neatness of Hauptmann's original scheme lies in the way he has plausibly created a gallery of sharply contrasted characters, each representing one of the religious viewpoints of the mid-seventeenth century. The scene is Silesia, run down and afflicted by plague after the Thirty Years War (cue in the opera for frantic timpani cadenzas and bogy music at the very start.). The local mayor, Schuller, brings together in his house at carnival time a broad range of visitors, Catholic, Protestant, Huguenot, Jansenists and Jew.

Hauptmann's didactic purpose behind that scheme is watered down in the opera in favour of concentrating on the big melodramatic nub of the story, when the mayor's wife, the beautiful Benigna, is confronted by a voodoo figure. The Black Mask. It is her past come to haunt her, for years earlier she was party to the murder of her first husband. The Black Mask is later revealed in a brief violent appearance as her former Negro lover, the murderer. He is in Kupfer's production who in a final vision of destruction beyond the grave dances in voodoo triumph, while Perl sadly looks on. The one earthly survivor from the plague.

What the composer and producer have done is to present explicitly the violence merely implied in the original play, heightening and intensifying but prudifying too. The bedrock character Perl, the wandering Jew, is superbly sung by Gunter Reich. But it's Benigna, around whom the action revolves, who is given an even more demanding part both musically and dramatically. Josephine Barstow, building on her experience singing the comparably neurotic role of Strauss's Salome, gives the performance of a lifetime. The voice is rarely beautiful but she rises to the challenge of the central climatic scene superbly, when for over 15 minutes she has a long solo narration, telling her life story to Perl, ending in a burst of hysteria.

It is a virtuoso performance and it is hardly her fault that the role fails to develop. Much of the rest consists of complex and busy ensembles, vividly sung and superbly controlled by the conductor Waldemar Nelsson, chosen because Kupfer had already worked with him on the highly original Bayreuth production of The Flying Dutchman. Nelsson also does wonders in persuading the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra to play with total commitment and power in an idiom far removed from its usual repertory.

Kupfer's spectacular production plays a key part in the opera's success with grandly mouldering costumes by Reinhard Heinrich and eerie, surreal sets by Hans Schavernoch. The whole oblong of the stage picture within the proscenium is canted 10 degrees or so over to the left, a twisted vision of a twisted world. At the very start the great wall of mirrors which reflects us, the audience, withdraws in an arc, revealing a grand Baroque room from which all colour has been removed. The mirror wall remains diagonally on the left and through it at intervals you get the vision of a world in ruins, at the end overtaking everything. That social comment may not be part of the original play but no-one could think the point irrelevant in 1986.

Otherwise the small Festival Theatre has seen the revival of an even longer and even more masterly one-actor, Strauss's Capriccio in Johannes Schaaf's equivocal production, dodging back and forth between the 18th and 20th centuries. Horst Stein as conductor draws even louder playing from the Vienna Philharmonic than last year, undermining the sweetness of Anna Tomowa Sintow' s voice as the Countess, when too often she is forced to strain, even in the lovely closing scene.

Herbert Von Karajan in the big theatre next door has revived his own production of Bizet's Carmen, another of last year's novelties.

You might call it the Cinerama Carmen with its sets by Gunther Schneider-Siemssen stretching luxuriously in full realistic detail from side to side of the enormous stage.

Bergman finds fire at the heart of Ibsen

THEATRE: Nicholas de Jongh reports from the King's, Edinburgh

INGMAR BERGMAN'S revelatory production of John Gabriel Borkman for the Bavarian State Theatre of Munich rescues this play of revenants and recriminations from the pitfalls of melodrama. He dissipates its airs of self-indulgent gloominess and strips away the marks of naive symbolism.

It emerges faithful to late Ibsen but also a thoroughly Bergmanesque settling of family debts and ancient hatreds, ablaze with the passions of old people raking the embers of their lost love. Never before have I been so riveted or moved by Ibsen: the production is both a blow to the jingoistic belief in the supremacy of our directors and actors, and a further vindication of Frank Dunlop's international theatre season.

Bergman has done away with Ibsen's cluttered lavendered drawing room and all the distracting paraphernalia, imposing sparse, clear outlines and a design which suitably wavers between the realistic and the expressionistic. The designer Gunilla Palmstierna-Weiss, has reduced Mrs Borkman's receiving room to a slightly raised platform equipped with a sofa against sombre backdrops and set in the white surrounds which will become the snowy landscape of the last act.

The room in which her husband John Gabriel, the Messianic financier, has confined himself for years after release from prison for embezzlement is conceived on a larger scale but maintains the same atmosphere of cold bleakness: a sharply tilted floor on which footsteps reverberate eerily, empty of furniture except for a wall-to-floor canvas and a row of upright accusatory chairs and a piano.

The sense of emptiness engendered by this undomesticated dislocated room is powerful and disturbing. But it enables Bergman to focus with almost film-like clarity upon his isolated character. He diagnoses Borkman, Gunhild, the wife who hates him and her dying sister Ella, who was once the financier's real love, as absolute fantasists. It is this quality which makes them as fiercely emotional and distraught as young things.

From the first moment when the reunited sisters meet and face each other in a long silence you'll recognise their fierce and old hatreds. Christine Buchegger as the envenomed Gunhild balances this emotion with her pathetic and despairing love for a son already remote from her. And Christa Berndl as her placatory, pallid sister still incites herself to shake with emotion. The acting of both these women is so power-packed that you see them altered by fury.

Bergman may have exiled melodrama but he has replaced it with the antagonisms of the modern family at civil war.

John Gabriel, Ibsen's alter ego, the unbalanced dreamer who not quite convincingly sacrifices sexual love for an almost Hitlerian dream of power and a capitalist kingdom of benign creation, is played by Hans Michael Rehberg in a performance which utterly surpasses those of Wolfit or Richardson. He has all the pathos of Bergman's lost grandeur but makes him also a man besieged by regrets and losing hold of reality.

The dissociation between his stiff, frock coated straight-backed decorum and his sudden flurries of wildness is complete. It's a performance of startling physical dynamic: the trembling hand raised aloft before collapse; the pacing of his room in a crazed, loping, compulsive stride, and, behind his back, fingers fluttering in uncontrollable spasms of energy. In the first thrilling encounter with his estranged wife they sit opposite each other, almost crouching, bodies bent right forward spitting their litanies of abuse — like wild animals whose malice will encourage them to fall upon each other at any moment.

When Erhart Borkman, the weak son in whom all three repose their hopeless hopes, returns with his older femme fatal (Rita Russek in plaited hair and peachy silk, looking too much the *fin de siecle* courtesan), they behave like outraged children.

Only in the difficult final act, after the façade of the house has disappeared, behind black drapes and the stage is all snowy landscape does Bergman falter. Rehberg gradually discarding his outdoor clothes does not reach the hallucinated climax that Ibsen asks for.

Bergman has excised the final ironic reconciliation between the two sisters after Borkman's muted death. As a result the play does not reach its proper consummation. But these details do not detract from the accumulated impact of the production.

A former master rediscovered

FILMS: Derek Malcolm at the Edinburgh Film Festival

EDINBURGH'S 40th Film Festival, which can generally be relied upon to produce something out of the hat that can't be termed conventional British Cinema, has given us all a lesson this year about what conventional really means by putting on a retrospective of the work of Bernard Vorhaus, a hitherto totally unremembered and uncelebrated film-maker who worked in Britain in the thirties before moving to Hollywood.

The point is that this American-born and now naturalised Briton never made anything like an art movie in his entire career, cut short by the political witch-hunts of the McCarthy era. But what this valuable restrospective shows is that you can, through sheer wit and professionalism, make the ordinary look unordinary and the conventional into something sharp, spikey and relevant.

On the surface, his British films, often made in a hurry and on low budgets, look much the same as any of those television oldies they programme in the afternoons for nostalgic housewives. But, judging by those I saw, they almost always go beyond their strict confines somewhere or other. And besides that, they are usually great fun.

There are two lessons to be learnt watching movies like The Last Journey from 1935 and Dusty Ermine from 1936 — let alone projects such as The Spiritualist from his later American period. The first is that there is absolutely no substitution for proper story-telling, on whatever humble level. The second is that film-makers don't operate at their best in isolation. They are products of their time, and conflict with it and other practitioners at every point.

To discover Vorhaus is not to unearth a lost genius, but to find a sharply defined talent beavering away at compromise and limitations until he makes something of them. You suddenly realise that Hitchcock and Lean did not spring up out of nowhere but from a story-telling tradition that others, like Vorhaus, had fostered alongside and before them.

Vorhaus himself, now in his eighties but looking hardly much over 70, was a modest and charming guest at the Festival, frequently protesting that he might have produced better films with a little more time and money. To which the only reply must be that he did them bloody well under the circumstances, quota quickies or not.

It is not very wise, nor even fair to contrast this sort of work with Cinema Action's most ambitious film project yet — Rocinante, with John Hurt, Maureen Douglass, and Ian Dury. Even so, there is some point in doing so, since what this beautiful, rather melancholy British road movie lacks is exactly what made Vorhaus into a formidable film-maker.

Cinema Action is a collective that has moved from making overt political films into an area that is intended to be more gentle, and hopefully more widely, persuasive. But it still hasn't cracked the exigencies of the narrative process. It keeps getting side-tracked in Rocinante from telling a proper story.

The film takes its two leading characters across Dartmoor, accompanied by Ian Dury's gravel-voiced jester. The man (John Hurt) has been forced on the road, having been turfed out of a derelict cinema, where perhaps, some of Vorhaus's images of England have been screened. The reality is somewhat different — a land of myths and history and traditions, reduced by an upsurge of repression into something less than it should be. The woman (Maureen Douglass) is fighting against this dying of the light as much as the man has opted out. The jester observes and comments upon their predicament.

Elsewhere, the Festival has provided joys and disappointments in almost equal proportion, much like any other. But Edinburgh is different in that it tries harder than most such events to illuminate the byways of cinema as well as to advertise the main roads. You never know what you are going to find next.

A film from Mali, brought along by a participant in the Third Cinema Conference, was shown as an extra and made its mark totally unexpectedly. This was Cheick Oumar Sissoko's Lessons From The Garbage, a simple story of a poor family, illustrating injustice with humour, sympathy, and a directness of approach that is emphasised by some stunning music and natural performances.

'So weary, deadly weary of writing': Ronald Blythe reviews the letters of a Polish gentleman and incipient genius

From the heart of Conrad's loneliness

THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF JOSEPH CONRAD, VOLUME 2 1898-1902, edited by Frederick R. Karl and Laurence Davies (Cambridge, £27.50).

THERE is an acute species of melancholy attached to the early days of authorship which is often all too lightly dismissed as teething pains by biographers. The worried Conrad of Youth, Heart of Darkness, Lord Jim, etc., could not have imagined the Conrad of Chance and its revered and lucrative successors.

The period covered by these letters is that of risk and loss, those familiar concomitants of the first freelance years. His very blessings, a wife who could type as well as create the high standard of domestic order he needed, their first son and, from the very beginning, the inestimable friendship of Edward Garnett, prince of publishers' advisers, were themselves a reproach for they had to be justified.

Worst of all there was the new and still strange vacuum of the study which he had to enter each morning — or each midnight often enough in his case. This and the incredible absence of the sea. Instead there were the horrible Essex marshes, dank and crime-ridden.

Eight months into the letters Ford Madox Hueffer was to rescue him from the latter by installing him at Pent Farm near Sandgate, and within a stone's throw, comparatively speaking, of the current Olympians, including Henry James, Galsworthy and H. G. Wells. Such proximity was apt to be more crushing than anything else. There was too Conrad's natural grandeur as a Polish gentleman and incipient genius, the effect of which on others often disconcerted him.

From the first he knew he was isolated and that every now and then he would need to make simple and direct statements about himself — "I have never fostered any illusions as to my value. You may believe me implicitly when I say that I never work in a self-satisfied elation . . ." He is remonstrating to Blackwood the publisher who, like his agent Pinker, goes a bit too far with his advice. At this moment both these men are hopefully thinking of Conrad as a superior yarn-spinner for boys.

He had joined the French merchant navy at 16, wild about the sea — some said because of reading Victor Hugo's Toilers of the Sea in his father's translation —

Conrad c1900 taken by Wells.

but it wasn't until he was in his early thirties that he began to write what would become after some years and much shaping (and getting lost on voyages) Almayer's Folly, having taught himself English by reading east coast newspapers and talking to his East Anglian shipmates "each built as though to last for ever, and coloured like a Christmas card".

He was 37 when he gave up the sea as a career and retained it as a force for an entirely new kind of "action" fiction, psychologically profound and stylistically sumptuous. It was hard to write and hardest of all at the time these letters were sent.

They are chiefly to his first literary friends R. B. Cunninghame Graham, the socialist grandee who was thought by some to be the rightful King of Scotland, the wise Edward Garnett, H. G. Wells (the friendship did not last), the much-tried literary agent J. B. Pinker (Conrad's blast to him on the ubiquitous business of not delivering on time deserves a place alongside Dr Johnson's thunderclap against patrons), William Blackwood, Ford, and Stephen Crane.

There are also many letters to the generous Galsworthy, a rich and practical friend, and an exchange of mutual appreciation with Arnold Bennett. All these writers in particular are clearly aware that a novelist who is quite unlike any other novelist is emerging, and, in their different ways, are giving support to the tortured tenant of Pent Farm.

Conrad's response is open and passionate. His loneliness shows. There is dawning respect and success, says Laurence Davies, yet "the letters abound in unhappiness". But it is not the life-lasting gloom of some writers but the sadness of a stage of development which writers, and artists of all sorts, will recognise, which is why this particular volume of the eight which will contain all Conrad's correspondence is so compelling.

Family life itself is still odd to him. He has known nothing since he was a boy except ship's crews and their mixture of reticence and emotion, but on vast voyages he has witnessed everything, most particularly imperialism in motion. His is not an innocent's eye. In the farmhouse there is neither closeness nor space. Jessie Conrad is accorded dutiful courtesies, though once she is described as "my wife, a person of simple feelings guided by the intelligence of the heart". She was a bookseller's daughter, a large, capable woman on whom he depended for his spick and span home, secretarial requirements and punctual routine.

During these crucial four years, Conrad did all he could to understand his place in the scheme of things, says Davies, facing "the problem in terms of family, profession, the sense of his own being, national and historical identity, and the physical universe itself". Most of all, he "sought to locate himself as a writer".

The hugeness of what he had seen, and maybe of what he had done, in comparison with his novelist contemporaries, plus the amazing use of a foreign language, made such a placing nigh impossible. Where was he? Who and what was he? The big first batch of letters do not wholly answer these questions but they are satisfyingly informative all the same.

We do come much nearer to Conrad because of them. He made little up. Cunninghame Graham, writing to Edward Garnett about The Heart of Darkness, said that it was written "in the fervent contemplation of his tracks," and this masterpiece and all the rest of the work relied upon old sea-lanes re-travelled, old companions rejoined. But this kind of passage, often by pencil, was harder toil than sailing and he was constantly "so weary, deadly weary of writing".

There was never a moment's let-up. Fresh tales pushed their way forward before he could find structures for them. "My head is full of a story, I have not been able to write a single word — except the title which shall be I think NOSTROMO; the story belonging to the 'Karain' class of tales ('K' class for short — as you classify the cruisers.)"

Like many stylists, he was sometimes unnerved by the possibility of losing "myself in a wilderness of endeavour"and of "verbiage", and to this day we read him and are foxed by his artistry and his daring. He is lastingly mysterious. Seeing so many words, we think he has told all, but he never does. Explaining the deliberately bald ending of Lord Jim to Blackwood, he says: "The reader ought to know enough at that time."

Will he know enough from the 1898-1902 Letters to know how the patrician merchant seaman from Poland stepped straight to the centre of English literature? No — but they help.

The editing is impeccable — and the binding a treat.

Alfonso to Zerlina

WHO'S WHO IN MOZART'S OPERAS, by Joachim Kaiser (Weidenfeld, £12.95).

FROM Alfonso to Zerlina, as the subtitle runs, this guide bears witness to the drawing power of Mozart's operas by giving us a few pages on each character in the seven mature masterpieces.

This may sound a notably old-fashioned enterprise, redolent of late Victorian works such as The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines. The author, however, is a musicologist and a man of sense: if this kind of thing is to be done at all he is the person to bring it off.

He is aware that Mozart's extraordinary ability to bring characters to individual life works through the music: an elementary point, yet often ignored.

His remarks, pawky and a trifle long-winded in a German tradition (one can imagine him as a benevolent uncle in a *Singspiel* Mozart didn't get round to writing), should be of help to singers and producers at least. The guidance afforded them is much more down-to-earth than the dedication of Jean-Pierre Ponnelle might suggest. The translation by Charles Kessler reads well.

Travel in mind

By Edward Blishen

UNFINISHED JOURNEY, by Shiva Naipaul (Hamish Hamilton, £9.95).

"IN THE end, it is the work that matters, not the relationship." It is Shiva Naipaul, discussing the difficulty of being a remarkable writer whose brother is a remarkable writer.

At worst, there were those who held that books published as the work of S. were written by V. S. My Brother and I, one of the reprinted pieces of journalism here, is perfectly typical, in fact, of S. It is written with the sinewy grace the brothers shared, but it has the special movement of Shiva's mind, always so pleasant to follow. There is an air of fastidious dismay, sometimes difficult to distinguish from an air of comedy.

Their readers had hoped, in this matter of sorting out one brother from the other where there is such dissimilarity in their very resemblances, to have years ahead of them: Shiva having merely, though richly, begun. Then, a year ago, he died, aged 40. And alas, this little book of scraps is the last of him.

There is all that was written of a book that was to be, he suspected, about Australia. He couldn't write a synopsis ever, so the only answer to the question "Why Australia?" would (he hoped) be the book itself. On the way, he visited Sri Lanka, that sad island. An Unfinished Journey is the beginning of his account of that visit. In it he is at his devastating best. There are three or four portraits that have a merciless truth about them.

It was his fastidiousness that caused him to home in on the imposter, and on pretentious or pompous persons. He says it was at an early age, recoiling from those who compared him to his brilliant elder brother, that he was made sensitive to discourtesy and stupidity. It seems to me that both Naipauls, masters of the pitiless portrait, miss an important middle ground of judgement; confusion and failure and absurdity sometimes representing a necessary condition of human growth, and not simple stupidity. But when Shiva had a silly or impolite or conceited person in his sights, he could do thrilling justice to the encounter.

He writes with the same keen eyes and contemptuous truth of some aspects of the cult of the Australian aborigine. This is another valuably astringent example of a cant-exposing specialist at work and in places it is *very* funny, but still it leaves things out.

It is not in the end fair to discuss the question as if all the aborigine had to do was to elect to become a fully paid-up modern Australian, and all his white sympathiser had to do was to stop being thoughtlessly sentimental.

Writing about India ("How did it happen that the Gandhi-Nehru legacy decayed into the shabbiest idolatry of family?"), or about the lazy nature of the concept of the Third World, Naipaul must make us grieve for the loss of such a disturber of stagnant ideas. When fastidiousness becomes a major instrument by which human affairs are judged, problems arise: but heaven knows we have a deep need of that note of haughty disgust, especially when allied to Shiva Naipaul's comic gift, and to a curious quality, not absolutely unlike tenderness, that is coiled up inside his hauteur.

He says, ruefully, that people would stop him in the street because they liked his face. Well, it *was* a good face: and its disappearance is a great tragedy.

Dilemmas of the Resistance

By Stuart Hood

LA DOULEUR, by Marguerite Duras. (Collins, £8.95.)

A GESTAPO agent in Paris courts a young women, a member of the Resistance, whose husband he has sent to a concentration camp. She strings him along so that the Resistance can mark him down and kill him. The Liberation intervenes. He is arrested and executed. His ambition has been to have a fine art bookshop.

The same young woman is driven through Paris after the Liberation with a young Fascist militiaman who is possibly about to be executed. She understands how the lure of fast cars had made the boy a collaborator. She feels sexually drawn to him.

After the Liberation she conducts the interrogation of an elderly informer who is mercilessly beaten to extract a confession. His torturers had learned their technique from beatings at the hands of the secret police.

Along with crowds of other women she goes daily to see whether her husband's name is on the lists of survivors of the concentration camps. He is brought home in the last stages of debilitation. She nurses him to recovery then tells him she is leaving him for another man, a comrade from the Resistance.

The young woman is Marguerite Duras herself, who years later found the record of these incidents in a couple of exercise boks. La Douleur, she says is one of the most important things in her life yet she has no recollection of having written it.

It is an understandable amnesia, for this is an account of the moral dilemmas of the Resistance, of the terrible methods such a movement is forced to adopt, of the brutalisation of those who fight for the good cause against a merciless enemy, of sudden pangs of pity for that enemy — she obsessively remembers a sixteen year old German boy dying in the street — mixed with hatred for what the enemy represents, the appalling truth of the concentration camps.

Her fear was that in recording all this — which she does with honesty, lack of self-pity, humanity and precision — she might be guilty of producing "literature" in the sense of *belles lettres*. La Douleur is the work of a courageous witness and splendid writer.

To read this account of the "tremendous chaos of thought and feeling" Marguerite Duras experienced in those twilight days between the end of the Resistance and the return of something approaching normal life is a disturbing experience. It not only recalls nightmares of the past but forces one to think of the resistance movements of today, of their courage, of their brutality, of the traumas which human beings inflict on each other in the pursuit of freedom or of millenary dreams or, on the other side of the barricades, in the defence of tyranny.

Marguerite Duras was, even in those difficult times in 1945, quite clear about the nature of the problem of evil in our times and how we must look at it: "If you give a German, and not a collective, interpretation to the Nazi horror you reduce the man in Belsen to regional dimensions. The only possible answer to this crime is to turn it into a crime committed by everyone" and to share it just like the ideals of equality and fraternity.

Bridge

By Rixi Markus©

THE results of this year's final of the Sullivan Powell Challenge Competition for non-expert teams of four were: 1, Andover 149 v.p.; 2, Kirkcudbright 107 v.p.; 3, Newcastle-under-Lyme 107 v.p.; 4, Marconi 106 v.p. Here is a hand which helped Andover to their convincing victory. Game all; dealer North.

NORTH
♠ 10 6 5 3
♥ A 10 9 8 2
♦ A Q J 3
♣ —

WEST
♠ Q 2
♥ K J 5
♦ K 8 7 6 4
♣ Q 4 2

EAST
♠ K 9 7 4
♥ Q 7 3
♦ 9
♣ 10 9 7 5 3

SOUTH
♠ A J 8
♥ 6 4
♦ 10 5 2
♣ A K J 8 6

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1H	NB	2C	NB
2D	NB	3NT	NB
NB			

West led the six of diamonds, taken by South's ten. A diamond to dummy's jack held the second trick, East discarding a spade. Assessing correctly that East's spade discard marked him with length in the suit, declarer eased his communication problems by playing a small spade to the eight and queen.

West switched to a heart to the ten and queen, and East now switched to the ten of clubs. As the cards actually lay, many lines of play would succeed at this point. However, South found a continuation which catered for any distribution: he went up with the ace of clubs and continued with the jack of spades. This developed the second spade trick which declarer needed to make certain of his contract, while at the same time preserving the ace of spades as an entry to the closed hand with which to cash the king of clubs and repeat the marked diamond finesse. This line of play guaranteed nine tricks in the form of two spades, one heart, four diamonds and two clubs, and it was typical of the accurate dummy play which the Andover team displayed.

This second hand comes from the final of the Portland challenge Cup, the inter-university teams of four championship. The winners were Manchester University, with Oxford second, and Southampton third. Dealer, South at game all.

NORTH
♠ 8
♥ J 6 5 3
♦ 9 6 3 2
♣ K 9 7 5

WEST
♠ J 10 9 7 6 5 4 2
♥ 9
♦ J 5
♣ A Q

EAST
♠ A 10 7
♥ A 10 7
♦ A 10 8 4
♣ 10 6 4 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A K Q
♥ K Q 8 4 2
♦ K Q 7
♣ J 8

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1H	4S	NB	NB
Dble(1)	NB	5H(2)	Dble
NB	NB	NB	

(1) I always tell new partners who do not know my style that, unless the opponents are obviously sacrificing, I never double high-level contracts if I do not hold a useful hand including at least one trump trick. In my experience, doubling without trump tricks is a common source of disaster.

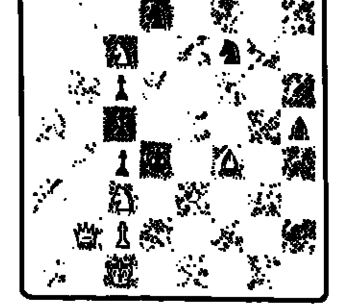
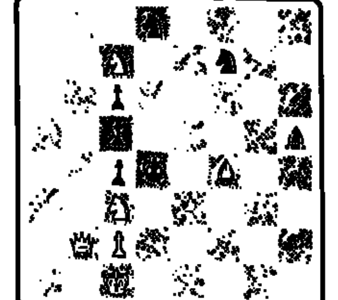
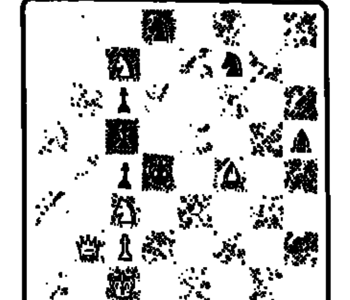
(2) Any player who passes 4S and then removes his partner's double to 5H shows a lack of discipline. 5H is certain to cost points and, even if 4S doubled might make from time to time, it must be best to accept South's decision to defend.

5H doubled went four down: +1,100 to East-West when they were doomed to lose −500 in 4S doubled.

Chess

By Leonard Barden

No. 1921

White mates in three moves at latest, against any defence (by A. Martinek). The black king, stranded in mid-board, has no legal moves, but the answer requires a subtle regroup.

Solution No. 1920

White K at K7, R at Q2, B at K3, Ps at QR4, QB3, KN5, KR3 and KR6. Black K at KR4, Ps at QB2, KN3, KR5 and KR2. Mate in four.

1 R-Q5. If 1 . . . P-B4 2 B-B1 P-B5 3 R-Q2 KxP 4 R-Q5 mate. If 1 . . . P-B3 2 R-R5 P-B4 3 BxP KxP 4 B-K3 mate.

ALMOST on the stroke of midnight, the final game of the Kleinwort Grieveson British Championship at Southampton created an unresolved triple tie. Theory says that a lone rook can only draw against rook and two pawns when there are two RPs, or a BP and RP, but Flear did it against Mestel with KP and RP, his king blockading one pawn while his rook restricted Mestel's king.

Now Chandler, Mestel and Speelman, the grandmaster trio of 1984 Olympic silver medallists, will play off this autumn for the title. Their 8/11 was followed by Flear and King 7½, Adams, Basman, Condie, Conquest, Hodgson, Lawton, McDonald and Watson 7. The GMs thus narrowly beat off the hungry young IMs in their early twenties, some of whom will surely become GMs themselves in the next few years.

Michael Adams's IM norm at age 14 ranks in the top five all-time performances for a player so young. This is the approximate order of merit:

1. Bobby Fischer, age 14.9, US championship 1957-8, 1st with 10½/13, unbeaten, performance rating about 2650.
2. Henrique Mecking, age 14.3, South American world title zonal 1966, 1st-4th with 12½/17, performance rating about 2550.
3. Adams, age 14.9, performance rating about 2530.
4. Nigel Short, age 14.7, Hastings 1979-80, score 8/15, performance rating 2505.
5. Short, age 14.2, British Championship 1979, 1st-3rd with 8/11, performance rating about 2470.

Short's two results, one in a GM tournament and the other tied for first prize in the British, included individual victories over strong GMs and arguably ranks superior to Adams who "only" beat three IMs.

The overall pattern of British talent shown by the championship is distinctly healthy. Almost all the prize winners are aged under 30, and behind them waves of ever-younger mini-generations are gaining high class experience; 15-year-olds Hennigan and Quillan made excellent debuts. By contrast the national championships of our rivals Hungary, Yugoslavia and the US have a distinctly middle-aged look, while the 1986 USSR champion Ceeshkovsky, at 42, is probably older than any of the 62 finalists at Southampton.

Two speedy grandmaster wins at Southampton:

Demetrios Agnos—GM Jim Plaskett
Pirc Defence (Kleinwort Grieveson British Championship 1986)

1 P-K4 P-Q3	2 P-Q4 N-KB3
3 N-QB3 P-KN3	4 B-N5 QN-Q2
5 P-B4 P-KR3	6 B-R4 B-N2
7 P-K5 N-R4	

White's seventh looks premature (7 Q-Q2) and now Black is ready to meet 8 Q-Q2 by NxBP 9 QxN P-KN4 10 Q-N3 PxP. However, White could play 8 KN-K2 when if NxBP 9 NxN P-KN4 10 N-R5.

8 N-Q5? P-QB3!	9 NxP PxP

Now 10 NxNP fails to Q-R4 ch.

10 BPxP Q-N3	11 P-QN3 NxP!

The winning tactical point; if 12 PxN Q-N5 ch picks up the bishop.

12 NxB RxN	13 Q-Q2 N-N5

Threatens the QP, and sets up another concealed tactic.

14 Q-K2 ch K-B1	15 QxN Q-N5 ch
16 K-Q1 P-KB4!	17 Resigns

For if 17 QxNP QxP ch and Black either takes the rook with check or wins the queen by 17 K-K2 N-B5 ch. This was a first round game: the 16-year-old White player, yet another junior debutant, soon recovered and finished with 50 per cent.

Feliks Kwiatkowski—
GM Jonathan Speelman
Sicilian Defence (Kleinwort Grieveson 1986)

1 P-K4 P-QB4	2 N-KB3 N-QB3
3 P-Q4 PxP	4 NxP N-B3
5 N-QB3 P-Q3	6 B-KN5 B-Q2
7 B-K2 P-QR3	8 Q-Q2 P-K3
9 O-O-O P-R3	10 B-R4 B-K2
11 P-B4 O-O	12 N-B3

This line of the Richter Attack (6 B-KN5) is well analysed but is still trappy, requiring precision. Here White should prefer 12 K-N1 or 12 N-N3.

12 . . . Q-R4	13 P-K5 PxP
14 PxP	

14 BxN BxB 15 QxB PxP 16 K-N1 looks a better chance.

14 . . . NxP!	15 NxN QxN(K4)
16 BxN BxB	17 QxB QR-Q1
18 QxNP	

If 18 Q-R4 Q-K6 ch 19 K-N1 regains the piece and Black's extra pawn will win.

18 . . . Q-B5 ch	19 K-N1 R-N1
20 Q-B3 RxP ch!	21 Resigns

If 21 KxR R-N1 ch mates, or if 21 K-R1 Q-QN5.

A COUNTRY DIARY

EXMOOR: Fine, mid-August rain was coming down in sheets. The grass moors were a sea of silver-green, shading here and there where sedge predominated. In exposed places the wind had flattened the thigh-high grasses. Occasionally there were groups of bog asphodels and we disturbed a few snipe, but we were searching for deer. We ate lunch in the shelter of some stream-side beech trees. Where, on a day such as this, would the deer be? Even as the question arose several stags were not far away, keeping a wary eye on us. We noticed them later on, in a small combe. They had the advantage of height as, a few at a time, they looked intently at us, turning every now and then to view their lines of escape. Other members of the herd continued to chew the cud. We kept a low profile. Our binoculars brought the details of their antlers into focus, revealing that they were six or seven-year-olds with points a'top. As usual at this time of year they were in "velvet" and there was no sign that the blood-rich membranes which nourish the growing horns had started to peel off. Clad in olive-green, we could retreat through the bracken without upsetting the stags. Half-a-mile on we located a group of hinds. Until the annual mating season — the rut — stags and hinds tend to lead separate lives. At Powderham in Devon, only a couple of days previously, we had been watching the emparked herd of fallow deer. Nearly 50 stags of all ages had congregated in a corner of the park. Their varying colour — almost albino in a few cases — their massed palmate antlers, and their delicate movements made a magnificent sight, obtained with ease compared with the foot-slogging necessary to get close to the free-ranging reds of Exmoor.

Brian Chugg

RUFUS

ACROSS

7. "Bony" ran Gaul in style (7).
8. Sprite to work for a hag (7).
10. Decline with little hesitation (6).
11. At sea no rating is lacking in knowledge (8).
12. Sort of wolves apparently extinct? (4).
13. Moving example of crazy reasoning? (10).
14. Showing off, so attention is diverted (11).
19. Desire clothing but not the ordinary sort (5, 5).
22. Former diarist environmentally depressed (4).
23. Four repeatedly out rustling (4-4).
24. Support by arms or threaten by them (4, 2).
25. Prohibited sort of beard (7).
26. Aviation spirit (7).

DOWN

1. Spurred on, hearing hostelry is nigh (7).
2. Girl belittled is without mercy (8).
3. A gunsmith will add it to his stock (6).
4. Send St Martin the wrong way (8).
5. Wine cartel re-organised (6).
6. Scheme to get a pub erected in the bay (7).
9. Coshed quite badly at the youth centre (11).
15. New circle road led to the city of gold (2, 6).
16. Love of the past (3, 5).
17. A trip to arrange for a country-lover (7).
18. Expression of approval for record rise on examination of accounts (7).
20. Schoolboys' expression — of comfort, perhaps (6).
21. Global outbreak of herpes (6).

P	A	N	E	G	Y	R	I	C			S	P	U	D
A		I		O		A		H		W		R		I
R	I	G	I	D		D	E	A	D	A	L	I	V	E
A		E		S		I		T		L		V		S
F	O	R	M	O	S	A		E	S	K	D	A	L	E
F				W		T		A		I		T		L
I	N	C	O	N	S	E	Q	U	E	N	C	E		
N		A		C						G		E		S
		T	W	O	P	E	N	N	Y	W	O	R	T	H
C		A		U		M		O		O				I
L	I	C	E	N	C	E		M	A	U	D	L	I	N
O		O		T		R		A		N		E		S
S	A	M	A	R	K	A	N	D		D	U	M	B	O
E		B		Y		L		I		E		O		N
T	E	S	T			D	E	C	A	D	E	N	C	E